

The Picturegoer Weekly
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June 29, 1935

HYPNOTISING THE CAMERA *by* CONRAD VEIDT

PICTUREGOER

2^d
WEEKLY



Maureen
O'SULLIVAN
& Cesar ROMERO

100 PAGES! MARVELLOUS PICTURES!

SECRETS! STORIES OF THE STARS



HERE'S a big thrill for film-lovers—one of the most thrilling events of the year in connection with the screen. It's "THE PICTUREGOER SUMMER ANNUAL" . . . OUT ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 3. What a feast of good things! O-N-E H-U-N-D-R-E-D big all-photogravure pages and EVERY page sparkling with PICTURES, including beautiful Art Plate Portraits of the stars, famous screen beauties in their latest alluring fashions for the seaside, intriguing glimpses of your film favourites at work, at play, and at home. You'd gladly pay a shilling for it, BUT IT COSTS SIXPENCE ONLY. S-E-C-H-E-T-S? Yes. Do you know Mae West's greatest rival? And where a woman is always herself? There are many more—just as intriguing. And here's Joel McCrea, the star who has made screen-love to Alana's most glamorous girls. He says, "Don't expect too much of love," and tells you why. "Can one be happily married in Hollywood?" asks Robert Young. You mustn't miss his answer. Ann Dvorak tells you "How a woman can be a successful wife" . . . but . . . we could go on for hours. Get this sumptuous "Picturegoer Summer Annual" and revel in its STORIES and all-the-things-you've-overheard-before about film-lovers and the stars. Remember this bumper Annual is out next Wednesday, July 3—sixpence only. Everybody will want a copy. So tell your newspaper to-day to supply yours to you. It's the only way of making certain of it.

Look out for this gay cover of the Picturegoer Summer Annual on the kioskstand on Wednesday, July 3.



Here is Julie Steele, the screen star, enjoying the exclusive bonus of the Picturegoer Summer Annual.

"PICTUREGOER" SUMMER ANNUAL

OUT
WEDNESDAY
JULY 3RD
6^D

Are the RUGGLES friends of yours?

THE RUGGLES—by Blik



NEXT INSTALLMENT—THE FAMILY HEARS THE NEWS!



NEXT INSTALLMENT—THE FILM COMPANY BACK UP!



NEXT INSTALLMENT—HOME AGAIN!



USELESS EUSTACE SAYS:

"I can't cure it boss—it's dead already."

Life's just one exciting thing after another for the Ruggles family! You're always wondering what will happen to them next. They—and Useless Eustace too—appear *daily* in the Daily Mirror. Get today's copy and see what they're up to now.

DAILY MIRROR

FOR THE BIGGEST FUND OF FUN!

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PICTUREGOER

The Screen News Magazine de Luxe

Just like a Tahitian Maid is Jean
Parlier in this new beach ensemble
fashioned after the costumes of the
South Sea Islanders. It is created in
light blue or white print. The neckline
of shells and straws adds to the
picturesque effect.

ARE Picturegoers CIVILISED?

A Gratuitous Insult to Film Patrons
—Quota Quickies—The Colour
Revolution—Canada as Film Centre?
—University Graduate Stars.

WHAT does a film fan look like? Has it a sex? A shape? A colour? Any outlandish habits or peculiarities? In short, what is it? These pertinent queries are suggested by a remark made in the Press recently by a theatre critic in describing a performance at Covent Garden, in which Grace Moore took part.

"An audience largely composed of film fans," he said in effect, "behaved in quite a civilised manner."

There Was a Time . . .

There was a time, and well within the memory of some of us grave and revered siders, when to be addicted to "animated pictures" or even to betray any special interest in them, argued a rather childish mentality.

But that was the day before a great many yesterdays; and during those yesterdays have occurred wide changes of which our good dramatic critic is woefully ignorant.

Whether or not he expected us to be grateful for this kindly patronising pat on the head, the effect is certainly the exact opposite.

His remarks suggest that he considers film fans a pack of ill-mannered Yahoos, who might well have been expected to transgress the strict standards of decorum and the "civilised" atmosphere traditionally associated with grand opera.

Obviously he imagines that filmgoers belong to a certain well-defined class, of low status and unpleasant habits.

Classified

His attitude reminds me of a certain film agent who, in picking "passengers" for a railway platform scene, chose only those men who happened to be wearing stiff collars.

You can no more lump filmgoers into a class than you can railway travellers. Where can you find people to-day who never go to the films? And how often does one have to go before one becomes a "film-gin"?

We trust our patronising friend mentioned "fans," but the origin of this title—which is merely an abbreviation of "fanatics"—has long been outgrown. A "fan" nowadays (though many still object to the term) is merely an enthusiastic filmgoer—and which of us is not?

It is also true—regrettably true—that film enthusiasts do occasionally overstep the bounds of decorum and mob a visiting Hollywood star; but such hysterics are by no means confined to filmgoers.

One has only to listen to the "gallery girls" at a stage first-night to realise this; it would be no more absurd to suggest that filmgoers should be tarred with the brush of boorishness because of an unrestrained few, than to suggest that people who go to funerals are necessarily hysterical and ill-behaved, because of the occasional disgusting exhibition at the funerals of the victims of scandal or other misfortune.

No, we filmgoers are no longer a class; we are a nation, and the sooner we are universally accepted as such the better.

Throughout the Land

Some idea of the extent to which the excellent habit of picture-going has seized the imagination of every class of the community may be gathered from the latest census of the actual number of kinemas in the British Isles, which was completed recently by Western Electric's Statistical Department—earliest young men in horn-rimmed glasses to whom a row of figures is more exciting than Mae West's.

Actually, there are six short of the five thousand mark; and these 4,994 kinemas cater for every stratum of society, from the lordly West End "key-house" and the no less lordly suburban or provincial "super" to the unpretentious halls still to be found in certain industrial areas.

We Keep Open

Certainly this does not seem a large number when compared with the enormous total of 18,263 to be found in the United States; but—here comes the test. Out of the British theatres, 336 are closed—one in thirteen. In the U.S. no

fewer than 3,711 are closed—nearly one in five.

Picturegoing is certainly in a much healthier state in this country than it would appear to be beyond the Atlantic.

And, for that matter, film production over here is looking a great deal healthier too. There are not the "alarms and excursions" one finds on the Pacific Coast; production continues fairly steadily to increase in quantity and improve in quality, without the periodic panics which shake Hollywood.

But I think British exhibitors are a little premature in their renewed agitation to scrap the Quota Act, which obliges them to show a certain percentage of British films. After all, the quota has very materially helped to build up the British industry to its present healthier state—and we have still a long way to go.

The invalid who throws away his crutches too soon is asking for trouble.

Picturegoers has certainly never attempted to conceal its dislike of "Quota Quickies"—the rubbishy films turned out merely to fulfil American distributing companies' obligations under the Act. But the fact remains that these quickies are not by any means invariably the worst British films to be seen. Indeed, certain productions, obviously inexpensive and primarily intended to comply with the Act, have reached a very high level of quality and proved deservedly popular—*Badger Green*, *Church Mouse*, and *Something Always Happens*, to name a few.

It is the "mammoth super-productions" on which, not for lack of money but for lack of kinematic sense, we most frequently fall down.

Earthquake

The latest earthquake to rock Hollywood is the long-deferred question of colour, whose rumblings have now become insistent and threatening.

(Continued on page 6)



THE ROMANCE OF MYRNA LOY

Between Kodachrome, the new three-colour process which replaces the old Kodascope, and Technicolor, which has lately made great strides toward perfection, it seems probable that within the next few years the black-and-white film will be as dead as the silent film is to-day.

There is a strong movement afoot to build colour laboratories in this country; so long as we are not stumped, as we were into talking (you remember?) it will be all to the good.

Readers who experienced the dull thump into black-and-white after the colour sequences of *Radio Parade* of 1935 will realize that even tolerably good colour will soon be preferred to no colour at all.

A Studio Mystery

A three-colour—third dimension.

For years studio experimental chemists and optical experts have been trying to produce an impression of depth. All kinds of gadgets have been tried, from a stereoscopic camera and projector to a fancy little contraption (called, I believe, the Televue) which was provided at each seat in the cinema, and through which each member of the audience could look at the screen.

Now the technicians at the R.K.O. studios have stumbled upon a possible solution. When they made *Guy Rovers* it was found that one of the sets had a stereoscopic quality. They searched and searched for a reason, but without success.

In *Top Hat* they have discovered the same mysterious element; the only similarity between the two sets is in the colours—blue, grey, and white.

So now they are feverishly painting model sets in these colours in an attempt to discover the secret.

Halving Them

Another Hollywood-shaking move is in the direction of amalgamations.

There are strong indications that in a few months from now the eight major production companies (but you notice I refrain from calling them the Big Eight?) will have become four (a Very Big Four).

This will mean fewer, and (we confidently hope) better pictures. If we may only have a few more productions that are worth seeing twice and even three times, any amount of amalgamation will have justified itself.

Moving East

An interesting result of the threatened heavy taxation of film-profits in the State of California is the establishment in New York of

NO artist in recent years has become so rapidly a universal favorite as the one-time "oriental nape," Myrna Loy, who was originally "discovered" by Naitasha Rambova, Valentine's wife. The romantic and thrilling story of her life continues in next week's "Personator" and makes a series you cannot afford to miss.

Another feature of our next issue is a pen portrait of Clark Gable by Jim Tully, the famous American writer, who describes the star as "one of the finest types of men I have ever known."

He describes vividly Gable's early struggles and brings out the star's real character in vivid relief.

Other articles which help to make our next issue as outstanding one are an interview with Paul Grante, the famous German actor who is at present working in British studios, and an introduction to Henry Fonda, who is being teamed with Janet Gaynor and is confidently expected to emulate the triumphs which Charles Farrell enjoyed when teamed with the world's most famous little star.

To conclude there is gossip hot from Hollywood and our usual film service which insures that you get entertainment value for your money if you follow our critics' reports.

large and up-to-date studio premises, to be the joint property of several production companies.

Already there are two large studios in the suburbs of New York, the old Vitagraph plant at Flatbush, Brooklyn, and the fine Paramount studio, originally called Cosmopolitan and created for Marion Davies.

These are on Long Island, just across the Hudson from New York City; there has been a move to use the Paramount plant (*Emperor Jones* was made there, and more recently the Noel Coward picture *The Scoundrel*), but the Flatbush studios are chiefly the home of advertising films.

The new premises are to be quite separate from either of these, but (their sponsors say) quite as accessible from New York City.

Over the Border

Of course, for some time Florida (the home of picture-making before it moved West) has been bidding for the great companies to locate there; but it will take a great deal of taxation to scare the movie magnates and the wealthy stars from the sun, the wonderful climate, the snow-capped mountains and palm-trees and

beach-roses and, and the sport parties and the film-shop of Southern California.

However, there are signs of an exodus from the film capital, Columbia, which made one disastrous attempt at producing its quota pictures at Elstree, is now to make feature films in Canada.

That magnificent corner of the British Empire has certainly never been exploited adequately; but what a pity no British company is doing it!—especially as British films are at present more popular in Canada than ever before.

Beware!

A certain Hollywood sign-painter is expecting an action for libel from Carl Laemmle, the venerable little chief of Universal Pictures.

Apparently of London was being shown in a Hollywood cinema, and when the sign-writer knocked off for lunch he left the sign half-finished so that startled passers-by read "BILWAKE—HALF MAN—HALF BEAST—CARL LAEMMLE."

The sign-writer is now busy bewareing.

He Learned Nothing

Many of Hollywood's leading players to-day are university graduates—Fredric March, James Cagney, Franchot Tone, Richard Arlen, Bruce Cabot, Edward G. Robinson, Helen Vinton, C. Aubrey Smith, Edmund Lowe, and Roland Young, and many others.

While most of these stars left their respective universities with degrees and academic honours thick upon them, there is one well-known Hollywood player at least who cheerfully confesses that he never learnt a thing at his university, and frankly admits that he didn't take a single prize. This is Edward Arnold, who plays the important part of King Louis XIII in *Cardinal Richelieu*. His time at Columbia University, one of the greatest American seats of learning, was spent in the boiler-room where he was engaged as an engine-oiler.

Arnold was the son of poor German immigrants to America, and at the age of twelve was obliged to seek work in order to keep the family going. Hence the boiler-room job, and £2 for a 60-hour week.

That Silvery Moon

The only man who reaches for the moon and gets it lives in Hollywood. He is Russell Pierce, an Englishman, and works in the property department at Paramount. Moons are his speciality and he had a splendid selection on his shelves . . . all sizes, all kinds . . . in cardboard and embellished with phosphors.



A Happy party at the Henry Edwards British Film Club's Dance at Bush House, Aldwych, when most of the South African cricket team were present.

Nearly all pictures have a moon, and when a director telephones for one, Pierce answers: "Certainly. What kind?" Now, first quarter, full or last quarter? And there's a lot of difference between first quarter and last quarter moons. The first points to the left, the other to the right. Lots of people don't know this.

Sea films, or films like Cecil B. De Mille's *The Crusades*, need a big moon and plenty of stars. Pierce is at home on this point, too. He has ten barrels filled with stars for any emergency, and hasn't fallen down on a moon or star for five years.

When In Rome . . .

Looking round for gadgets to give the correct atmosphere of the 1890's to their new Janet Gaynor picture *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, the Fox Film people came across this genuine sign which used to be displayed 80 years ago in Hennesey's Hotel, Rome, New York:—

RULES OF THE TAVERN

- Four pence night for bed.
- Six pence with supper.
- No more than five to sleep in one bed.
- Organ grinders to sleep in wash house.
- No dogs allowed upstairs.
- No beer allowed in kitchens.

Will They Forget?

Twenty-four elephants had their first introduction to a film studio when they danced slowly and solemnly, but with marked intelligence, and rang bells for a scene in Paramount's new musical and dramatic extravaganza—*The Big Broadcast* of 1935.

It was all very whimsical except that Norman Tausig, the director, had to shoot the scene on five successive days—owing to the fact that after rehearsal and "take" the floor had to be thoroughly mended. Normas has had a hard time on this film. When the elephants were brought to him he had only just finished rehearsing a trout, which had to push its head out of a lake, and gave approval and admiration as Bing Crosby sang a ballad.

There will probably be another number in the film with parrots doing lots of things, but Tausig is handing them over to somebody else.

A One-woman Band

Indefatigable Mae West could almost run a studio by herself.

The best illustration of her versatility is afforded by a brief résumé of how *Gittie* to *Town* was made. Long before the cameras were brought into action Mae was sitting up till 2 a.m. writing the dialogue and screen play. After putting it on paper she became casting director—for two months she hunted for seven leading men. She saw several hundred before she chose Paul Cavara, Ivan Lebedev, Tito Cora, Fred Kohler, Monroe Owsen, Gilbert Emery and Grant Withers.

She then assisted Alexander Hall in directing the picture. When the "shooting" was over Mae didn't pack up and go on holiday like her colleagues. She stayed in the studio for the tedious but vitally important task of cutting and editing the film.

When Mae was once asked why she does this, she replied simply, "Well, I just want to learn everything."

The Joke's on Bob

Robert Montgomery's celebrated sense of humor has withstood the acid test. She can laugh at himself.

"I woke up at ten in the morning with that fine sense of laziness," he recounts, "all day for loafing and a good book to read, I ate a large, leisurely breakfast, then went up to the den and stretched out with the book."

"In about half an hour, Betty, my wife, came in."

"Darling, I'm sorry but I won't go shopping and I won't fix any light plugs. This is my day off and I'm reading."

"But," said Betty,

"That's enough," said the young husband firmly, and Betty left.

About fifteen minutes later a servant rapped at the door. "I'm sorry, sir," he began, "but . . ."

"But I don't want to hear about anything

EDWARD BROPHY
DOMESTIC CLAIMS HE LIVES HIS LIFE IN ORDER TO EXPRESS EMOTIONS. EVERY LITTLE TILT OF A DERBY OR WAG OF THE HEAD IS LEGAL TO HIM.

WILLIAM POWELL & MYRNA LOY STARS IN 'TWIN PRINCES' BOTH BEGAN THEIR SCREEN CAREERS AS WILLIAM AND WILLIAM'S INSTEAD OF HERO AND HEROINE!

WHEN CORA SUE COLLINGS WAS INTERVIEWED BY GARIO FOR THE ROLE OF THE TINY QUEEN IN 'QUEEN CHRISTINA', SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND GARIO'S NECK AND SAID, 'THIS IS ME'.

DO YOU KNOW THAT WILLIAM POWELL
MADE HIS LAST APPEARANCE AS A SHAMESPEARIAN ACTOR WHEN HE RIGGED EAST AS **IAGO** IN 'OTHELLO' & **MAVROLO** IN 'TWO IN THE NIGHT'—TWO OF THE LONGEST PLAY ROLES EVER WRITTEN—SO HE RESIGNED!

THE FIRST ROLE PLAYED FOR M.G.M. BY MYRNA LOY
SANG IN THE ENCORE OF 'PRETTY LADIES'... THE GIRL WHO WAS NEXT TO HER IN THE DANCING LINE-UP WAS JOHAN BRANDFORD, ALSO A BEGINNER!

ISABEL JEWELL
WAS BORN IN GLOUCESTER, WHO-MING & ATTENDED HAMILTON COLLEGE IN KENTUCKY. HENRY WADSWORTH IS A GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY & LATER ATTENDED THE GARRIGUE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

UNA MERKEL, KENTUCKY GIRL!
EARNED A DOLLAR PER WORD IN HER FIRST STAGE APPEARANCE... BUT THE ONLY WORDS WERE 'COME ON, WISCONSIN!' AS SHE CHEERED THE WINNER OF A RACE!

to-day," Bob answered, "even if it's an earthquake." He wriggled into a new position and went on reading.

Five minutes later an excited Betty threw open the door.

"I don't care if it's the last book in the world and if this is the last day off you'll ever have," she cried. "You've got to come down. The house is on fire!"

Title Competition

We have received the following letter from British National Films in regard to the recent competition for an alternative title for their film, *Three Fens*:

"The hundreds of titles sent in by your readers, as suggestions for a name for our comedy-drama, a Yorkshire fishing story, have been carefully reviewed, and the final decision as to the name will be made when the picture is reviewed by a special committee consisting of the Producer, John Corbidge, the Director, Capt. Norman Walker, and Jeffrey Bernard, a representative of the distributors, Gaumont-British."

"The picture has now been completed and is being cut and edited."

"Should two or more competitors have sent in the same title as that finally chosen, the full amount of 65 (Fifty Pounds) will be awarded to each entry."

"Of course, it is quite possible that the picture will be given a title different to any sent in. In that event, a special statement giving reasons for the name devised, will be published, but, if possible,

the name will be chosen from the selected entries.—Yours faithfully, J. F. DAVIDSON."

Talkie Title Tales

This week's first prize of half a guinea is awarded to George M. B. Turnbull, 181 Osborne Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for:

The Thin Man

Stimulating

The Invisible Man

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: Mrs. V. Dawson, 39 Courtney Gardens, Umminster, Essex, for:

Lost in London

Lost in the Legion

Lost in the Stratosphere

Where in This Lady?

Miss Beverley Calmore, 202a High Road, Ilford, Essex, for:

The Last Gentleman

Twenty Million Sweethearts

The Big Stampede

Birth of a Nation

A Tadman, 18 Runkin Street, Anlaby Road, Hull, for:

On the Air

Eighteen Minutes

Afterwards

Murder at Broadcasting House

J. P. Brandon, 1 Railway Cottages, Grange-towns, Sunderland, for:

The Fountain

I'll Fix It

Deluge

Wilson D'Arne.

In addition to these exercises the famous star goes in a big way for massages, especially after a hard day's work.

"I seldom have time for more than two massages a week while I am working," she says, "but between pictures I manage to have one every day. They relax the nerves and are an excellent weapon to use against any tendency to put on weight."

And now for this matter of a perfect complexion. If there is a fitting word with which to describe the lovely quality of Jean's skin, we don't know what it is, so "peaches-and-cream" will have to do. Her method of caring for her complexion is so simple as to be almost expensively to those who expect some intricate formula. On Miss Harlow's beauty schedule it's a matter of two simple words—ice cubes.

In Miss Harlow's opinion one little ice cube is worth a thousand jars of expensive creams.

Each morning and evening she massages her face with a small complexion brush and a tissue cream. After five minutes of brisk rubbing she takes a deep breath and submerges her face in a basin of water filled with ice cubes. One breath won't last long enough to do any good, so she repeats the process five times. She then removes most of the cream, leaving a thin layer which serves as a powder base.

After warm showers, which she takes morning and night, she uses whole handfuls of ice cubes to massage her arms, neck and legs.

Now, not to be unkind, but it is rather comforting to know that, of all her perfections, Jean has at least one real problem. It's her hair.

"If you're a brunette," she explains, "with a flair for wearing white clothes, you will understand the trouble that besets a blonde, for light hair, like light clothes, soils easily. Few people who



Above and left: Dancing scenes from "Reckless" which are good proof of the reason why Jean took up dancing in earnest.

admire blonde hair realize the care it requires.

"I envy the girls who are able to jump into a roadster, bathe, and enjoy a ride with the wind whipping through their hair, then return home, have it set, and appear as perfectly groomed that evening as though nothing had happened. Whenever I do a thing like that I have to have my hair shampooed immediately. Every little speck of dust and grime appears on the surface of my hair almost as clearly as it would on a white dress or coat."

For this reason, Jean shampoos her hair three times a week. When she is working, her platinum locks are shampooed every night. (Well, I guess a head of plain old brown hair has its points, after all.)

"Naturally," Miss Harlow tells you, "such frequent washings have a tendency to dry out the scalp and to make the hair brittle. To counteract this I have a massage of warm, odorless castor oil before every shampoo. The oil is steamed into my scalp with hot towels."

And now there is a definite trick to removing this oil before washing. Hot soapy water would seem the best thing, but that is not true. Castor oil refuses to react to such treatment. The head should first be thoroughly soaked in cold water, then in hot water, and finally in hot, soapy water.

Speaking of soap, no fancy, scented cakes will tempt Jean. She uses only pure Castile. This she has shaved into water and boiled until the chips are melted. Three soapings and three rinses of gradually cooling water complete this elaborate process. She then allows her hair to dry naturally.

This envied girl's cosmetic problems are as simple as those of her hair are difficult. For morning, afternoon, or evening she wears only a light dusting powder, a medium shade of lipstick, and a trace of eyebrow pencil.



Left: Jean never omits a daily swim in her pool during the summer and winter.



FLORENCE RICE

This charming newcomer who so successfully suggests the spirit of summer has been cast as the feminine lead in "Jim Burke's Boy" opposite Jack Holt. The above still was taken on location in the woodlands of Southern California.

IT is one thing to play to an audience, and quite another to convince a camera. A famous character actor here confesses his difficulties, in an interview with Max Breen.

HOW much can an actor act? Or, to be a little more intelligible, how far is it possible for an actor to assume a character by acting?

You may wonder at this question; you may say: "But how else is he to assume the character? What can an actor do but act?"

Yet it is not as simple as all that.

Ordinarily, I know, acting has to bear the burden—and by acting I mean just that in the literal sense, the sense of doing. The assuming of an attitude, upright and arrogant or bowed and humble; the inflexion of the voice, gruff, mincing, plaintive, cheerful; the characteristic gestures; the thousand-and-one little tricks which are part of an actor's stock-in-trade—these are all physical efforts directed towards the assumption of a personality, the personality being a child of the marriage of the actor's description and the actor's interpretation.

For perhaps ninety-nine roles out of a hundred that suffices; it is the actor's proper business; it is what he is paid to do, and applauded or howled for doing well or badly; in short, his job.

Then comes the hundredth case; he may not see it coming. He may be given the part to read, glance through it, nod approvingly: "Yes, yes . . . a very good part; I'll be glad to play it."

And when he begins to rehearse, suddenly there is a difference. It is, let us say, a static role; although the chief part in the play or the film, it has less action, less emphasis, less *dramaticism* than the supporting parts. Its significance lies not so much in doing as in being.

That last word is the keynote of the affair. The actor has to find some way, other than by gesture and inflexion, of assuming the character. He has reached the point where acting ceases and being begins. He comes to the end of a long firm path, and steps off into an uncertain track, marshy, slippery, full of pitfalls.

That is what has happened to me in the Gaumont British film, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, in which I have been playing the part of the Stranger.

My friend E. G. Cosens has told you that the story is about a mysterious lodger in a Bloomsbury boarding-house (one of the old-fashioned "Private Hotels" which surround the British Museum like a bodyguard). The other occupants are mean, greedy, embittered; by some subtle alchemy the Stranger's presence transmutes their natures, so that the house becomes a place of light and happiness.

Note the phrase "some subtle alchemy." The Stranger does not preach. He does not exhort. He does not accuse, nor scold, nor reproach. He has no opportunities of convincing by example. He comes, is seen, and conquers, not by doing anything, but by being—something.

Occasionally, an element in a play (whether far

Playing two parts at the same time at the Gaumont-British studios, Conrad Veidt is a rebel convict in "King of the Damned" and the saintly "Stranger" in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

stage or screen) may be altered to suit an individual player, to give his talents fuller scope; but in this case it is out of the question. The character is an integral part of the plot.

The play was written by Jerome K. Jerome in 1907 on the basic idea that human nature has within them some quality or substance of nobility which only requires a touch to bring it to the surface—the touch in this case being the presence of the Stranger.

There is no explicit suggestion of divinity about the Stranger. In the silent film, in which Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson repeated his brilliant stage-performance, I am told a light shone from behind the Stranger's head—which, incidentally, bothered the camera a good deal. In this current production there is no such mumbo-jumbo. I am just a stranger, human, natural, benevolent.

Yet I must convey to the audience the potentialities in my presence; and here begins my difficulty.

On the stage there is a way of doing this. It is called "personal magnetism." Many great actors have possessed it, and some not so great. It is a kind of human wireless telegraphy, by which the player can convey his thoughts and emotions to the audience without mechanical means such as beating his breast, uttering moans, waving his arms, appealing to heaven. He thinks his thoughts at the audience, and (if he is lucky) the audience receives them. If he is unlucky, they say "Another ham actor," and it's just too bad!

Well, this is surely one of the occasions on which this process is essential. I must be static—the dynamic role is that of Stasia, the little servant-girl, played by Rene Ray; I must be capable of transmuting people's lives, and I must convince the audience of this.

But—where is the audience?

Visually, for a film-actor, the camera takes the place of the audience. It acts as a go-between, interpreter, and agent, registering faithfully what the actor is doing and how he is looking, and passing that impression on to the audience. Similarly, the microphone conveys how he is sounding; but what artificial mechanism is there to convey what he is thinking?

The camera has always been a very good friend to me; I owe much to its consideration, its interest, its sympathetic understanding. But is it fair to expect the camera to register my thoughts and convey them to the screen? Can I rely upon that complicated arrangement of lenses, shutters, rollers, and levers to pick up any thought-waves I may send out? Can I even send them out to a camera? Does the human radio require a receiving set as well as a transmitting set before it can function at all?

That is my dilemma. Those are the questions I have had to answer if I was to make a success of this part; and that is why I say it has been, so far, the most difficult role of my career.

Particularly am I conscious of its importance, because it is a line part in a fine play, and it would be a thousand pities if I let it fall to the ground.

I am very concerned about it. Spare me a little sympathy!

En. Note.—Conrad Veidt was born in Berlin, Germany; has black hair and dark eyes; was educated at Berlin High School, and received his stage training in theatres all over Europe. He was a pupil of the famous Max Reinhardt, and played on the stage with Emil Jannings and Werner Krauss.

Among his best-known pictures are: *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *War and Peace*, *Lady Hamilton*, *Student of Prague*, *The Beloved Rogue*, *The Man Who Laughs*, *The Last Company*, and the British films *Rome Express*, *I Was a Spy*, *The Wandering Jew*, and *Jew Süss*.

At the expiration of his present contract with Gaumont-British he goes to London Film Productions. His hobbies are motorcaring, sailing, and reading.

NEXT WEEK

MAX BREEN will interview another famous German actor, who is at present appearing in British pictures, PAUL GRAETZ.



MARGARET SULLAVAN'S LIFE STORY *Concluded*

IN the second half of this article we deal with the difficulties with which the young star had to contend at the beginning of her Hollywood career.

WITH trepidation and with prayer Hollywood hoped that Mr. Stahl's prophecies for her would be fulfilled. Margaret was only amused—she could read their minds—knew exactly even to the under-scoring of their phrases about her, what was really going on in their minds.

It wasn't long before Hollywood heard about this girl, Margaret Sullivan. This newcomer who refused to be heartified, who quarrelled with her producers when they suggested that a slight mole be removed from her face, that a tooth be straightened: the usual beautifying process which the camera demands.

Right then and there she made up her mind about Hollywood. When test after test of her was taken—when ten different cameramen toiled to find just the right lighting for that quality which they knew she possessed and which so evaded them—she begged to have her contract annulled so she might return to Broadway which had already accepted her. In Hollywood she was "on trial." And she didn't like that much. But she remained.

Long before the production was finished, tales of this girl began to be circulated, extraordinary tales which, misinterpreted, obscured the girl rather than revealed her.

There isn't any question that she got off on the wrong foot. There is a way of being individual, of being independent, of being one's self without getting under the collective epidemic of a whole community.

Margaret was too young either to temporize or compromise. Is her desire to live her own life, completely to divorce herself from Hollywood as a place, and from its people as a type, she went in for a show of her own, disdaining friendships, suspicious of proffered help, resorting to kindnesses.

There has never been any question that Hollywood isn't the easiest place in the world in which to maintain individuality. There are too many rules and regulations to which to subscribe which might well irk someone like Margaret Sullivan, accustomed to her own ideas, to her own moods, and to her own evaluations.

She consistently refused to reveal herself as a person in a town which lives its life on the front page. That, in itself, was censured.

She refused to subscribe to the tenet that a star's best performance must be given off the screen.

She lived life her own way and refused to modify or change it to conform with local custom. It was a courageous thing to do. But a foolhardy thing, too. Not many newcomers would have had the spiritual and mental and emotional stamina for it. She listened to judgments and to rumour, took it on the chin, refused to exchange brick-bat for brick-bat, and as a result, every single thing she did was magnified and distorted.

She became the liveliest subject of conjecture and gossip this town has had in

She DEFIED the MOVIE MOGULS



many a day. When the story came out that she tapped on the set, there was an avalanche of comment—"She isn't interested in her career"—But people didn't know that she was working beyond endurance—from early morning until late at night—under grueling conditions for a girl unaccustomed to the hot lights and to the technique of—for her—a new medium of dramatic expression.

In fourteen weeks of shooting *Only Yesterday*, she had exactly a day and a half away from the studio, and that, mind you, on a schedule which required her to be up at a quarter to six in the morning, and which kept her at work until two or three o'clock the following morning. She wasn't indifferent to her career. It was only that she was so desperately tired that the slightest relaxation put her to sleep. While the accusations against her found space in the newspapers, the logical explanation for it did not.

Every woman in Hollywood was in pants at that particular time, but when Margaret arrived at the studio in slacks, she was instantly accused of being a Garbo and a Dietrich. When Margaret wore wooden mitters, that was a gag. When she climbed up high with the electricians, it was assumed that she spent her every spare moment doing extraordinary things not in keeping with the behaviour of a star. But Margaret has always been close to the backstage crew, anonymous with the electricians and the prop men on a motion picture set. They were her kind. They talked her language of reality and sincerity. They had no axes to grind and nothing to gain by being pals with a star. When an electrician shouted, "Come on up here, Sullivan," she climbed up—and promptly made the headlines.

The famous run-in with her director and her discoverer was given circulation out of all proportion to its importance. What happened was that both Stahl and Sullivan were at the end of their nervous energy. They had a quarrel over some trivial matters, which to-day escapes Sullivan herself. And the girl ran away.

She walked off the set and, without stopping to take off her make-up, rushed into the bank where her money was deposited, asked for all of it, booked passage on a Trans-continental plane and was all set to return to New York.

Straight-shooter that she is, she knew that the money didn't belong to her. She had been paid on the assumption that she would finish the picture, so she went to her agent's office that he might return it for her to Universal.

Tears were streaming down her face. She was choked with exhaustion and in a state of near-collapse. Fortunately, Jim Townsend, her agent, talked her out of such action. He talked to her like a brother. He made her see that she wasn't being fair—that she was making a mistake. So she telephoned Mr. Stahl and apologized, offering to come back to the set immediately and resume work. Stahl told her to go home and rest—and so Margaret got a half day off.

She was a lonely girl and an unhappy girl. She had few friends. Felt more desperately alone than she had ever been in her life before. There was a wall of antagonism surrounding her, as powerful as steel.

No one had her confidence sufficiently that their suggestions and their advice would take effect. She was fighting Hollywood, fighting interviewers who besieged her and to whom it was never explained that her reason for her refusal to be easily accessible, as other better known stars were, was her lack of confidence in her own abilities, and her desperate need of rest. She let them think what they did think—that she was unfriendly and ungracious—that she cared little what others said and what others thought of her. It isn't to be supposed

that Margaret's slate is clean. There were occasions when she was ungracious, but that was rather due to misconception and misconception—due to a well-known rather than to the innate easiness with which she was credited. She is far from that.

Her first picture finished, Sullivan ran away, away from the Hollywood which she hated and from the picture she hated equally as much. She could not stand it, never come back. She insisted that Hollywood was cruel and brutal, that it wouldn't let her alone, that it forced her and rushed her into things. She found it utterly, horribly, completely anaesthetizing and interfering.

Her charge against it was that it wouldn't let her and that it would never give her a chance to go away with the confirmed notion that she was a failure in pictures and that success on the screen was not for her. She was certain that *Only Yesterday* would be a sad commentary on her abilities as an actress.

The applause which the world greeted her efforts startled and frightened Margaret. She couldn't believe it. It took a lot of convincing before studio officials could bring her back to do her second picture with Douglas Montgomery as her co-star, *Little Man, What Now?* proved that Margaret Sullivan could repeat her first sensational success—that the "splat" in the pan—that she was in reality a great actress.

BUT success didn't thaw her. She still was a Benjamins! Still the girl who ran away periodically from Hollywood when they mistook her under each other's skin. She still did such fantastic things as taking a week-end airplane ride to Chicago and back. She still sat at the lunch counter with the studio crew, rather than heed with fellow stars in the main dining-room of the studio. She continued to defy and to laugh at Hollywood.

She had continued to be the most misunderstood woman in the town!

Margaret began the making of *The Good Fairy* with mingling and with irritation. Her director on the picture was a man named William Wyler. He had begun as a prop boy on the Universal lot, gradually related to Cecil De Mille, and had risen, in not so many years, to an enviable position among Hollywood's top directors. Strife between them was foreseen almost from the first moment. He was a meticulous worker, calculating and cool, giving every detail his absorbed attention. Margaret, on the other hand, impractical and fiery, immediately declared war. Her other two directors had been slow, but this man drove her to frenzy.

They had fights and arguments. That was inevitable; in fact, they are now part of the current talk of the town. That one in particular when Wyler announced one night that he was going to shoot every late. Margaret had an appointment to go to the fights with John McCormack, her agent and occasional escort. She told Wyler that she intended keeping that date. Her terms were neither tender nor uncertain. She announced off to the studio and remained there.

Half an hour later, Wyler knocked on the door. "I have made arrangements to shoot around you. You can keep your date if you've set your heart on it."

"This is a fine time to tell me," she snapped. "I've already canceled my entire season."

Obviously that was the beginning of their mutual interest. Possibly then they both realized that there were two decent people who should find a common ground of understanding. The director had given in. The star had given in.

At this time Wyler's name was linked with that of Sheila Marmora, a featured player. Margaret's had been again coupled with Henry Fonda's, hence she was his guide around Hollywood when he came West to make screen tests. Again there was an emotional interest suspected between her and Neil Harris, the New York comedian. No one ever dreamed that Bill Wyler and his fighting star would ever fall in love. No one suspected until after their marriage that they were *even* in love.

Certainly, their constant cat and dog explosions on the set left no place for the development of a tender emotion. Margaret's peevish temper and a hunger for having her own way made her difficult to handle. She walked off the set time and time again.

Yet gradually these two found a sympathy in each other. Margaret discarded her stool at the dressing room and sat at Bill Wyler's table in the dressing-room. The director talked. She listened.

The first time she sat at his table was purely by accident, because it happened to be the only vacant chair available. Later on, she sat there by intent, but no one gave the circumstance a thought. There were many incidents which brought them together. For instance, Margaret had a free day but she came to the studio on a busman's holiday. Driving there in her new high-powered car, she accumulated a traffic offense. Margaret isn't one of those women who cry or smile at an arresting cop to even a split second. In the early part of her career she was arrested for exceeding the speed limit and spent a day in jail—a happy day incidentally—before she was bailed out. The officer made out the ticket—and Margaret sat there without saying a word. But as he turned out his ticket to her, he recognized her, and paid her day charge by letting her sit in style through the very gates of the studio.

"How about giving me a ride on your motorcycle?" she asked the cop, and almost before you could say "Mississippi" Margaret was astride the motorcycle and speeding madly up and down the streets.

She braved by stage five where Wyler was shooting and the commotion penetrated to the set. Wyler rushed to the door to day with words the idiot who was spouting late after take. And there was Margaret, yipping at the top of her voice, having a perfectly swell time with her borrowed toy.

He sent an assistant to stop the commotion. He wasn't angry. He was only amused—and further interested.

Margaret has seen Wyler look at her while she was making that motorcycle man! But Wyler didn't have the heart to scold her. She should have known better. But he remembered vividly the motorcycle he owned as a boy—the pride of his heart.

And so, bit by bit, they discovered things in common. One afternoon, Wyler was rehearsing twenty children for a scene of orphanage. Margaret was supposed to be resting in her dressing-room until the youngsters had been thoroughly rehearsed in the scene.

This was a scene in which Margaret was promising the youngsters all the delights dear to their hearts—ice cream, a new Fairy cake, etc. When one of the children asked her how the Fairy was to come in, Margaret was supposed to grab the chandelier and swing from side to side across the room as if she were flying.

Wyler was illustrating what Margaret would do. He grabbed the chandelier; he flew across the room. The children shouted their delight. Wyler, always so stern, always so intent on the work at hand, descended from the step-ladder, picked up one of the little girls and held her close.

"Do it again," the children shouted. Mr. Wyler complied.

From behind a piece of scenery, Margaret, quite concealed, watched that little scene. Her face softened. That man was human, after all, even though she had to fight with him constantly! She had a little girl and held her close. A change at which she wondered herself. She no longer objected to the long hours of shooting. She worked from dawn to dusk cheerfully, obediently.

Ten days before that elopement Margaret knew she was in love—no in love that former emotions were only phantasms.

It was in a dark projection room that William Wyler, the deliberate director, lullingly, almost at a loss, told Margaret Sullivan, the spitfire, that he loved her.

They had been watching rushes, scenes in which Margaret was treacherous and lovely in a bridal gown so lovely that they both caught their breath at what they saw on the screen. That scene had been taken time and again. They, with the cameramen and the assistant cameramen and one or two others, had sat for an hour trying to choose the scene which was best.

When the choice was finally made and the others departed, Margaret and Wyler asked that the scenes be run again. It was hopeless. They allied to themselves, but each knew that there was a more vital reason for their request to the

projectionist, hidden in a booth. They sat alone, fingers entwined in fingers.

No one was there, no one who could cut in on their thoughts, who could destroy the unity between them. Wyler whispered in her ear, "Is there a law against a director marrying his star?"

"She looked at him. He could almost feel her eyes in the dark. 'I'll tell you to-morrow,' she answered."

This was on a Thursday. Friday morning she came on the set and the first words she said to him were: "No, there isn't a law against a star marrying her director. I looked it up last night."

Margaret had sent an important wire to Ned Harris, the producer, the moment she knew what her answer to Wyler would be. Harris immediately boarded a plane for California, and all day Saturday, he sat on the set, talking to Margaret between takes. What happened nobody knows! It is known that Harris left for the East again just about the time Margaret and Wyler were being married in Yuma, Arizona.

Friday was a difficult day for the girl and Bill. It goes without saying that the consummate actress could hide her emotion, but her director matched her in his ability to disguise his feelings. He speeded up production. They worked that night very late, and Saturday became Sunday before they finished. Then they flew to Arizona—to Yuma, the Gracia Green of the cinema stars.

Only Bill Wyler's attorney, who made the arrangements for the marriage, and Peggy Donovan, Margaret's hairdresser, knew of the impending marriage. Margaret had said to her Friday morning, "Peggy, I'm going to marry Bill." And Peggy had asked, "Honey, are you sure?" And Margaret answered, "I've never been so sure of anything in my life. I've been in love with him for ages. It's been ten days at least." And so they were married. Bill gave Margaret a ring which belonged to his mother, as a pledge of his love—a circle of diamonds with rubies in the centre.

The news of their marriage spread like wildfire in Hollywood. It was so completely unexpected. Sullivan, the impractical, the untamed—

—was tamed at last—by love.

On Monday they had their breakfast on the set to the tune of clicking cameras. Scrambled eggs and hashed brown potatoes and coffee.

And then the cameras were ready. Margaret Sullivan and Bill Wyler had work to do on their picture.

Margaret Sullivan has gone a long way in the two years she has been in Hollywood. Until now she has been a stranger to the town. Perhaps her precipitate romance will identify her with the spirit of a community which has found her difficult to know and difficult to understand.

Perhaps in this marriage she will find the assuagement of loneliness from which she has always suffered. Perhaps now the inhibitions which have made of Margaret a strange girl will be replaced by something warmer and less turbulent.

Hollywood has a child-like faith in love! Perhaps it will claim Margaret Sullivan for its own, after all!



Margaret with her new husband—director, Bill Wyler.



18th. Society flocked to see Mrs. Langtry in "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Ours." Royalty—and Mr. Oscar Wilde—were present at the Haymarket theatre when she made her debut. In these days "4711" had a more century's reprieve as the sweet, sovereign elixir of beauty.

Since 1792 . . .

chosen by the loveliest
ladies of the land . . .
"four-seven-eleven"



You will find your correct shades for both day and evening among the nine "4711" Powder shades. The price (believe it or not!) is only 2/9 a box. A trial size costs 6d.

IN TOWN TO-NIGHT ?

A Beauty Course for the Evening

DESCRIBED BY MODESTINA
OF THE "DAILY SKETCH"

Someone rings you up. There's to be a party to-night and can you come? Dinner and dance. There's only one answer, even if your 'perm' is long overdue and you haven't had a treatment for ages . . .

This is the time you are really grateful to those "4711" people for giving us beauty aids we can really trust. If you do not know them, it's time you did. Anything bearing the magic number "4711" is in the Debrett of beauty, yet you will find the prices of these preparations unbelievably low. Here's a brief, brisk beauty course that will turn you out the belle of the party.

First, a coating of "4711" Cold Cream



Fragrant with "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne. "Matt-Creme" is the perfect powder base. Trial tube 6d. Full-sized tubes at 1/- and 2/- and 2/-.

to cleanse the skin and make it supple. If you haven't time, make time—it's better to be late and lovely!

Next, "Matt-Creme," the "4711" Vanishing Cream, to lay a good foundation to a successful evening. "Matt-Creme" is a real discovery of mine—a wonderful base for powder, vanishing completely yet leaving a surface that powder clings to like peach bloom. It has just a hint of "4711" Eau de Cologne in it, too. Your pores are closed quite nicely, thank you, and your make-up doesn't wear off as the evening wears on. No furtive dabbing in a corner when you think no one's looking!

Now "4711" Face Powder. Nine shades, my dears! As it's summer, don't forget to draw the curtains and make-up under artificial light. Remember, too, that the redder shades considerably enhance your face value under artificial light. Peach and Rachel are excellent "4711" shades for blondes. Naturelle is my pet and I'm a "red head."

Rouge is the next stage. "4711" gives a choice of several smart, sophisticated shades—Cherry, Mandarin-Orange and Brunette are good ones. (Prices for compacts are 1/6 and 2/6. Refills 1/- and 1/6.) Use two shades of rouge if you cannot get the right effect with one. And

just a hint—every woman knows an old powder puff is best, but remember what unsightly objects they can be.

Now for lipstick. In "4711" you have four charming colours. Light, Medium-Light, Medium, and Dark. Shape your mouth prettily to its own natural curves—painting outside the lip line is one of those things that are no longer done.



The final touch of sophistication is "4711" Lipstick. Shades are Light, Medium-Light, Medium, and Dark. Price 2/6 each.

But, when you creep home in the wee, small hours, away with every last trace of make-up and apply a lavish layer of "4711" Cold Cream to feed your beauty while you sleep

Also, go inside the lips so that there isn't a horrid pink margin when you laugh.

After a last look in the mirror to convince yourself it's really you, you can sally serenely forth to enjoy your evening.

Modestina.



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Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

MARGARET'S HEART GROWS "FONDA"

A "Gilbertian" Situation—All Greek to Them—Birthday Bonfire—In the Air—Elissa's Loss.

MMARGARET SULLAVAN, who formerly drove Universal executives frantic by leaving unexpectedly for visits to New York, continues to nonplus the studio lords.

Everyone thought that Margaret would not be any too pleased over the presence in Hollywood of her former husband, Henry Fonda. Henry has made a great success as Janet Gaynor's leading man in *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, and all the studios are bidding for his services.

Universal, Miss Sullavan's home studio, decided that Fonda would be ideal as the main lead in a story that is being prepared for his ex-wife. So, in fear and trembling, an executive asked Margaret if she would object to Henry appearing in this film. To his surprise, Margaret agreed most enthusiastically, declaring that Henry was a fine actor, and they were such good friends!

To make the situation quite unusual, it would be a good idea to engage Miss Sullavan's present husband, William Wyler, to direct.

What Price ex-Royalty?

While Princess Katherine of Greece was entertained by many of Hollywood's celebrities, including Ernst Lubetsch, Carl Brisson, Bing Crosby, other stars, and various studio heads, the film colony is amused because she was not photographed with certain feminine stars who usually are "snapped" with visiting celebrities.

Possibly the reason is that the Greek monarchy no longer exists.

A Narrow Escape

This story should be remembered by all ladies who give birthday parties.

Lydia Roberti, clever young stage actress, who is achieving fame in Hollywood, recently gave a birthday party, to which she invited various members of the film colony. The evening was a jolly one. Finally the candles on the birthday cake were lit, and Lydia bent over to blow them out. One of the candles set fire to her flimsy gown, and only prompt action by one of the guests, who tore off the garment and stamped out the flames, saved her from serious injury.

A Huge Air Field

George Brent has been offered a 96,000-acre ranch in the State of Arizona for the use of his aviation unit.

Brent, a former husband of Ruth Chatterton, is proceeding with plans for the formation of his flying organization, and will soon acquire a field near Hollywood. The Arizona field, of course, could be utilized as well.

Air Minded

Ruth Chatterton has arrived in Hollywood to make a picture for Columbia. She flew all



Jack goes native—just because he wanted to visit his old pal Loretta Young, who is playing the lead in Cecil B. De Mille's "The Crusades," Jack Oakie first dressed himself in the 13th century costume to be in keeping with the period. Jack stole the show from C.B.

the way in her own plane, accompanied by her flying instructor, and Brenda Forbes, a sister of Ralph Forbes, Ruth's former husband, which proves that divorces do not always antagonize sisters-in-law!

Miss Chatterton took off and alighted at every field, although the instructor landed the plane during part of the trip.

It would be amusing if Ruth organized an Amazon flying corps in opposition to George Brent's outfit. There are plenty of clever women flyers in California.

Puss-in-Specs

Glenda Farrell is disconsolate, for Johnnie has wandered away.

Johnnie is a cat, and he can be picked out of an array of felines, for he wears spectacles held firmly in place by a copper wire. He is near-sighted, hence the glasses. His mate, Frankie, is at a cat hospital with their family.

So the partnership of "Frankie" and "Johnnie" is broken up, for the time being, anyway.

Badminton de Luxe

Carl Brisson has ordered a rubber-paved badminton court installed in the garden of his new Bel-Air home, which, when completed, will be the first of its kind in America.

Advantages of a court paved with rubber blocks is that it can be readily dried after a rain-storm, and is easier to play on.

Claudette Colbert is having a rubber tennis court built for her new Holmby Hills estate.

Science to the Rescue

Edward Everett Horton has a kennel of pedigree dogs, who, when the moon is full, make plenty of noise at night.

In order to insure his sleep against continued disturbance, the actor has installed a microphone at his bedside, connected with a loudspeaker in the kennel, and, when the dogs start barking, he roars "Shut up!" and stops the noise.

Picture Pirates

Elissa Landi would like to know what has become of five oil paintings, which she values at \$4,800. The actress placed them in a storeroom in her home, and did not discover that they had disappeared until insurance employees checked over the belongings in her home.

The police have been notified, and the picture dealers of Los Angeles have been questioned, but, so far, no clues have been secured.

Pilferers of valuable paintings usually dispose of them in cities hundreds or thousands of miles from the places where they have been stolen, so Elissa's pictures may turn up in London, Paris, or other large cities far from Hollywood.

Out of the Past

Stars of yesterday will be seen in *Keystone Hotel*, a short roller which Warner Bros. is producing. If it appeals to audiences, more films will be made with the same cast.

The players of *Keystone Hotel* include Chester Conklin, Hank Mann, Ben Turpin, Ford Steedman, and Marie Prevost. They will use the same make-ups and costumes which made them famous many years ago.

Other studios may decide to utilize the services of other old-time favorites, of whom there are many in Hollywood. Most of them are now reduced to extra roles, and glad, indeed, to get work.

The younger generation, of course, would not care to see elderly players who were famous years ago, but possibly veteran moviegoers would be interested.

Cruel Sunburn!

Southern California is famous for its sunshine, but sometimes the sun is rather intense, as Margot Grahame will testify!

This clever British actress journeyed to the beach, accompanied by Heather Angel and her husband, Ralph Forbes, and all proceeded to get a fine sun tan. They succeeded so thoroughly that Margot was unable, the next day, to have gown fittings for her next picture. Ralph and Heather suffered such agonies from their "sun tan" that they had to sit up all night!

Hollywood Says That—

—Back Jones was a trick rider and roper with a wild west show.

—Valerie Hobson says she is English, although she was born in Ireland!

—Douglas Montgomery made his stage debut at the age of fourteen.

—Carole Lombard is one of the best tennis players in Hollywood.

—Grace Bradley is an expert fencer.

—Grace Moore owns a ring and a gown that belonged to Jenny Lind, the famous "Swedish Nightingale."

—Boris Karloff was classed as a French-Canadian type on the stage.

Pre-Views of the Latest Films

ALL the NICE GIRLS LOVE a SOLDIER



Left: Paul Lukas, David Jack Holt and Mary Robson in the court scene sequence from "The Age of Discernment." Above: Arthur Mayhew, Benita Hume and Philip Holmes in "The Divine Spark."



AT least one nice girl in the person of Ruby Keeler shows a decided preference for the military arm as represented by Dick Powell in *Flirtation Walk*.

I like this picture. It is an unpretentious little romance with nothing much to it, but put over with the maximum of effect and efficiency and extremely well set in America's famous military academy at West Point.

West Point has often received the attention of the movie magnates, but they have never achieved such excellent atmosphere and conviction as the director, Frank Borzage, has infused into this effort.

Its main fault is that it runs rather too length and would benefit considerably by cutting, which could easily be effected in the earlier scenes set in Hawaii. For while there is pictorial value, there is a synthetic quality about the dancing and some sequences which is in a wholly artificial musical comedy sort of vein.

Actually the film opens in Honolulu where the American Fleet is carrying out maneuvers attacking the island port. Here we are introduced to a cheeky and carefree private, Dick Dorcy, who is continually at loggerheads with his sergeant, "Scraper" Thornhill, although the latter loves him like a son.

Eater the "nice" girl in the person of Kit Fitts, daughter of a general, who finding that Dorcy is appointed as her chauffeur falls for him, and instead of getting him to drive her to a reception, orders a moonlight trip, at the conclusion of which they are found by Lieutenant Biddle, who is unofficially engaged to Kit, in each other's arms.

A general flare-up and threatened court-martial cause Dick to decide to desert in spite of the sergeant's remonstrances. However, Kit saves the situation by announcing to Dorcy that she had lost her head that night and did not care for him at all really.

Thereafter the matter is hushed up and ends by the outraged Lieutenant informing Dick that he is neither an officer nor a gentleman.

Dick, infuriated, decides to go to West Point and take a commission to combat at least one part of his superior's gibe.

We are shown his life at the college and the reentry of Kit whose father arrives to take over command of the academy. After some more misunderstandings which nearly lead to Dick resigning, the pair decide they love each other, the fiancé acquiesces gracefully and another romance comes to fruition.

Dick Powell is exceedingly good as Dick. He is only given two or three numbers to croon and those are introduced naturally enough by casting him as a play staged by the cadets. Incidentally, these numbers are tuneful and pleasant.

But the star brings real character to his part and makes the rôle an eminently likeable one. Ruby Keeler is better than I have seen her to date, as Kit, and a very good little study comes from Pat O'Brien as the tough sergeant.

Excellent support comes from Ross Alexander, John Eldridge and Guinn "Big Boy" Williams. As I have said, the Hawaiian scenes are somewhat artificial when they introduce native dances staged on a Ziegfeld scale, but the humour of the opening is bright and breezy.

At West Point the military training is presented in a wholly interesting and entertaining manner, and the love interest here, too, is handled in an intriguing way.—L.C.

Somewhat of a hotch-potch of interests including romance, comedy, sport racketeers and night life make this picture indifferent entertainment.

The plot is a slight one and George H. Seitz had not paid enough attention to the continuity to make it an interesting one. It boils down to a series of loosely connected incidents which are lavishly enough staged but which leave one far too unconcerned with the fate of the leading characters.

Virginia Bruce is quite good as Toni a girl who inherits big sporting interests from her father, and on taking over finds herself up against the crooked managers of each department who are determined to oust her.

The man they choose to help them effect this desirable end is Steve, who is considered a lady's man and is in charge of a night club. Naturally he falls in love with her and plans to oust his associates. His discarded mistress, Margo, however, informs the rest of the gang and they arrange to put him on the spot. His faithful servant Mack is forced to give away his

plane by threat of being returned to the prison from which several years earlier he had broken out, but makes amends by formulating a plan whereby he and Toni rescue Steve and break up the gang.

Robert Taylor is fair as Steve but does not win great sympathy.

Helen Twelvetrees makes the most of the small rôle of Margo, and invests it with character and sincerity.

The whole thing is treated in a light vein with the comedy lead entrusted to Pinky Tomlin, an American song writer and cabaret star who gets some laughs but is not remarkably humorous.

As usual, Nat Pendleton puts in a sound performance as Mack, and the remaining characters are all well drawn as types.

Sporting interests are presented by glimpses of "dirty work" at a dog race track and an ice hockey rink. This is staged by the gang to impress the heroine with the sad state of affairs into which her late father's business has sunk and so induce her to sell out her holdings.

As a whole, the picture has a lot of everything but nothing of anything much worth while.—L.C.

There is a certain amount of charm about this slight domestic drama, which tends to be slow in tempo and sometimes too sentimentally artificial. The charm relies to a great extent, I think, on the acting of Paul Lukas and Madge Evans, who both give excellently balanced performances.

The former I have always considered one of the most sincere lovers on the screen and here he has a part, conventional enough, but one that fits him admirably. He is cast as Bob Warren, the head of a publishing firm whose wife Eve leaves him and his little boy when she learns that he is in monetary difficulties.

Devoted to her, he is unable to forget her until his secretary, Maxine, who has always been secretly in love with him, gradually makes her presence felt.

At one time he was hardly aware of her existence, but as time goes on, her tactful help becomes almost indispensable.

That is the romantic end of the story. The drama is introduced by the late wife's efforts to gain possession of the boy, not because she wants him herself, but because her mother-in-

Times Square Lady

Age of Indiscretion

Let Our Critics Who Really See the Films Guide You

Above: Basil Sydney, Judy Gurn and Percy Marmont in "White Lilies," a new Fox British Picture. Right: A beautiful scene from "Flirtation Walk."

law—she had remarried—has expressed a wish to have him and she held the strings of the money bag.

All this leads finally to a court scene; a perfectly innocent situation in which the old lady discovered Bob and Maxine being interpreted by her into a compromising affair which would discredit Bob in the eyes of the judge and so enable the boy to be given over to the care of his mother.

However, Bob's dramatic plea for his boy in court, and the little chap's own outburst touches the heart of Eva's mother-in-law and she goes back on her evidence, thus securing the boy's, Bob's and Maxine's happiness.

The court sequence strikes a theatrical note, but there is a good deal of sincere human feeling in the simple manner in which the tale is told. May Robson is inclined to become stereotyped, but her rendering of the mother-in-law is good of its kind.

David Jack Holt is fair as the child, and Helen Vinson quite sound as Eve. Incidentally, Flash, the dog you will remember which took quite a prominent part in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* is in this picture, but this time he struck me as having become somewhat camera-conscious!

While not a remarkably good picture it passes an hour pleasantly enough.—L. C.

Another addition to the prevalent cycle of films dealing with famous composers, and one which, while beautifully set and artistically photographed, lacks dramatic force and tends to become somewhat boring because of the undue slowness of development and rather ragged continuity.

The Divine Spark

This time it is Bellini who is the subject of romance. He is shown as a young student in love with Maddalena, the wealthy fiancée of Ernesto Testi.

In order to force Bellini to exercise his talent and become famous she refuses to elope with him and live a simple life in the country although it breaks her heart to deny him.

Bellini, in conjunction with a famous singer, Ginevra Pasto, becomes famous, and writes his opera, all of which are inspired by his memory of Maddalena.

He is tempted with this and in a fury writes an opera Norma, in which love has no part. On its

opening night the opera is received in a hostile manner. Maddalena learns this and gives an aria Bellini had written to her to Ginevra Pasto to be inserted in the score.

This is done without the knowledge of Bellini, and on the next night the opera, instead of proving a failure, becomes a triumphant success.

Bellini, overjoyed, determines to go and see Maddalena, and as he is leaving the opera house learns that the journey she undertook to Naples in the snow to bring him the song had caused her death.

The picture was made in Italy and is remarkable for its fine scenes at the opera house at Naples, and the actual locations at which the incidents connected with Bellini's life occurred.

The camera work, which is also notable, is in the hands of Frans Planer, to whose credit are such outstanding examples of photography as *The Unfinished Symphony*, *Maislerle*, and *The Dictator*.

Unfortunately the acting is not on the same level of excellence as the technical side of the production. Martha Eggerth sings well as Maddalena, and gives a sympathetic but not outstanding performance.

Phillips Holmes is definitely theatrical as Bellini, and Benita Hume is hardly convincing though certainly striking as the famous opera singer.

Hugh Miller contributes a most effective piece of acting in the small rôle of Paganini with whose playing of a Mozart composition the picture opens.—L. C.

About ten years ago, G. W. Pabst made a silent picture which featured Greta Garbo,

then seventeen years old, and that talented Swedish leading man, Einar Hanson.

Joyless Street

Now, for the first time, it is being shown in this country and affords a very interesting study in contrasts—Garbo as she was and as America has made her.

For that reason I would advise you to see the picture, but it is not fair to regard it as an example of Pabst's work.

The reason why the production has not been seen here before is because the Censor would not pass it. Now it has been cut and amended, but in the process the whole idea of the tragedy of post-war Vienna has been lost and all that is left is a crude melodrama which is almost ludicrous in its ingenueness.

Garbo herself shows signs of greatness, but I would prefer to think that it was her acting in the Swedish picture *The Awakening of Greta Berling* that really set her on the path of fame. That picture, you will remember, was directed by Maurice Stiller who with Victor Sjöström was one of the group of directors who made Swedish production pre-eminent at that time.

It is interesting to notice little gestures used which she still employs and equally to note little natural moments which have been equally stereotyped.

Ingenueness is the keynote of this seventeen-year-old Greta as opposed to the glamorous reserve which characterizes the Garbo of to-day.—L. C.

Cardinal Richelieu



Richelieu, as depicted in the 1935 film *The Cardinal*, and the actor who played him, Cardinal Richelieu, in the 1935 film *The Cardinal*.



Richelieu, from the 1935 film *The Cardinal*, as last seen in the film, as he is being executed.



Above Baradas is seen presiding over a meeting of plotters.

Baradas (Douglas Dumbrille) uses Richelieu's word (Maurice O'Sullivan) as a means of persuading her bridegroom (Cesar Romero) to murder the Cardinal.



Maurice O'Sullivan



... O'Sullivan has a delightful role as Lenore, and father had been a great friend of Richelieu's had left the child to be brought up by him.

Louis XIII (Edmond Arnold) can never make up his mind whether or not Richelieu is helping him or working for his downfall. But finally, when the Cardinal has exposed the nobles' revolt, Louis is convinced of Richelieu's worth.



Mary approached Ross with shining eyes and something shining in her hand which she pressed on the lapel of his coat.

THE STORY of the FILM by Marjory Williams

Freely based on the film "Car 99" by permission of Paramount Pictures Ltd., Wardour Street, London, W.1. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 25, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of the film.

A STATE of feud between Sergeant Barrel, of the Michigan State Police, and Trooper Ross and finally entered into when young Ross knocked down his superior on the drilling ground.

Had Ross been tactful he'd have known better than to belittle the Sergeant in the eyes of the entire graduation class. Barrel had told Ross to disarm him by way of showing how impossible it was to disarm Sergeant Barrel, and Ross had responded with a lunge which had sent the Sergeant against a ten-foot wall and momentarily to sleep.

A great moment for Ross, but one with dangerous consequences for a recruit. Thought of nothing but the matter in hand occupied Ross, however, waiting on tenterhooks for his first patrol call in the trooper's common room. The voice of Harper, chief broadcaster, sounded through the loud-speaker from the divisional radio-room.

"Calling all cars. Unidentified man just killed watchman at the wooden distillery in Mount Pleasant. He's heading north in a small back coupe, U.S. highway No. 27. Car 236, hold K bridge at Reed City. Car 147, start west on

Road 21. Car 177, Road 1, as far as Cars."

Car 177! In a trice Ross was beside Trooper Burton at the wheel and out of the garage on the highway to the accompaniment of the whining drone, peculiar to police cars. Jim Burton, Ross's senior, was the very antithesis of Sergeant Barrel. To Ross, keyed to the pitch of demanding "What's that?" at every sight and sound encountered on the road, Burton replied good-humouredly: "Don't half want to get your man, eh?"

The dashboard radio gave tongue. "All cars—all cars—the black coupe west north through Carle."

"Right ahead of us. By Jove, there he is!" With a grinding of brakes, Burton slowed round, noting the speed of the black coupe which had shot past. With wide-open throttle, Car 177 licked up the white road. The black coupe swerved on a corner, allowing Burton, who was gaining, to force it over within an ace of a deep dip to a sandy quarry. Out leapt the gangster. Burton sat tight. "You get him, Martin. Watch out. He may be armed."

Ross's boots, deep in dirt and stones, gained level foothold. Now for the running figure ahead. A punch, similar to the one he had given Barrel, laid the gangster out. Heaving him over his shoulder, Ross returned to the running-board.

"Where will we take him, Jim?"

"Good work. How about Crow River? I guess Mary won't be sorry." There was nothing against Crow River except that its sheriff's office was about as unlike the headquarters of the Michigan State Police as an old woman in a crinoline is to a streamlined man. Scores

from Sheriff Pete Annot, indicated the general somnolence of the centre of law and order. "Well, if it isn't young Martin!" Pete observed, waking up.

"Ross has just got his first man. We've put him in the lock-up," Burton explained. "Is Mary in?" "Most likely," Pete returned, unwilling to vouch for his telephone operator being at her post.

"Cat along and see her, Martin," Burton advised.

"Hallo, Ross! You're looking grand," Mary, comely brunette, announced from the switchboard. There was something in her eyes that would have made Ross risk taking her two hands, if the bawser hadn't sounded. Mary's voice crisped. "Hallo, this is Crow River. You want Professor Anthony? I'll see if he's here." She turned as the object of inquiry entered. Without a good memory for faces, Ross must have recognised the elderly man with slight stoop, a beard, and a childlike expression, who observed, "I am a Professor Anthony. Is anyone asking for me?" in the well-bed, gentle voice of one unaccustomed to police stations.

Where had he seen the old boy? Of course. Harper, the radio man, and the Captain at headquarters, had been showing the Professor the methods of modern police patrols on the very afternoon Ross had knocked out Sergeant Barrel. The Professor was stopping in Pete Annot's district writing a book.

"Long distance is calling you, sir," Mary said, indicating the phone on the wall opposite. To all intents and purposes, the Professor proceeded to have a lengthy conversation with his daughter, whom he addressed as Nan, who appar-

ently was stopping at a Chicago hotel. "Starting tomorrow, are you?" the old gentleman continued. "Good. Be sure and bring enough luggage. Nan, the two little boys will want plenty of blankets. It's not so hot here as it is with you."

"Queer customer, isn't he?" Ross frowned when the old gentleman had gone.

The following day Ross and Burton, were patrolling in Car 99, a number which Ross declared favourable to adventure, when they stopped at French Chasley's Barbe-Que for a snack in the open. "Get these apple pies are well. Remind me to take a couple home to Mary," Ross observed over a full plate.

Burton's ears had caught the humming of a plane. "Fellow's not going fast down wind, surely," he remarked, craning his neck. "Is this an emergency landing field you've got here, Chasley?" Chasley replied that it was, whereupon the radio on 99's dashboard, which Jim had insisted on leaving switched on, came to life. "Attention, seventh district cars. A grey sedan with three or four armed men heading north on State Highway 131. Check on them."

Ross followed Burton back to duty. For a time they drove down the tree-bordered road without as much as a wheel in sight. Harper's voice came over the loud-speaker: "Car 99—Car 99. Be on your toes. Grey sedan can't be far off."

At the bend, sure enough, a grey sedan was climbing the hill ahead, an open black tourer gaining on it as though trying to overtake it. "Looks like set a thief to catch a thief," muttered Burton, pressing the accelerator. A handkerchief farther someone turned in the sedan. There was a sputter of machine-gun fire and the driver of the black tourer slumped down. The black car swerved, overturned in the roadside ditch, and burst into flames. Burton, coming alongside, pulled up. Ross had a queer feeling at the pit of his stomach.

"Follow the grey, kid; but don't get hurt. I'll take care here," Burton ordered. Ross's queer feelings increased as he took the wheel of Car 99.

He managed pretty well, picking up Harper's next radio call and bringing the distance between himself and the sedan suddenly a volume of smoke from its exhaust enveloped him completely, veiling the road, and filling eyes and mouth with acrid fumes.

"Nothing to do but pull up. He waited, cursing, and lo and behold he could see ahead, though actually the longed-for power of vision gave him no sight of the sedan.

A timbered house standing at the head of a drive brought him to a second standstill. Without loss of time, Ross rang the bell. A young man in shirt-sleeves opened.

"Michigan State Police. I'm after a car which got away. Can I use your telephone?"

A cheery contralto voice sounded from the room into which he was ushered. It hailed from a girl sitting at the piano, beside which stood an elderly man with a slight stoop, a beard, and a childlike expression under his hair. "Why, Professor Anthony! I didn't know you lived here, sir," Ross exclaimed.

"Why, Trooper Martin!" he greeted urbanely. "How do you do? Delighted to see you. Yes, this is Trooper Martin, of the State Police. My two sons. Ross, acknowledging

(Continued on page 28)



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the two young men present, inevitably took more notice of the lady, who was decidedly attractive, with an air of baby innocence matching her halo of fair curls. "I heard your father say you were coming to Michigan. Did you have a nice trip, Miss Anthony?"

"Lovely, but very quiet," explained the Professor. "The telephone is at your service. I trust there has been no accident," he continued as Ross hung up.

"Worse, a murder, sir." "H-m. What a versatile fellow our modern criminal has become, hasn't he, Martin? In my day, crimes may have been committed, but criminals made no use of the smoke screens you mentioned in your conversation with the Inspector."

"Smoke screens are nothing, sir, to what they can use. Flip-over licence plates, for instance, for re-numbering cars on the road."

"You don't say so! How extremely interesting."

Recalled to a sense of duty, Ross declared in favour of hunting up every garage and barn for the grey sedan.

"Do have a look at our car, for a start," Miss Anthony pleaded.

"You never know that someone may have stolen it and put another in its place."

On the Professor's agreeing, she not only showed Ross their car, a sedan of peculiarly dark green, but insisted on accompanying his tour of inspection, a plan which caused him faint uneasiness.

He succeeded so well in eliminating all thoughts foreign to his job that it was a comparatively easy matter, after a fruitless search of grey cars, to refuse joining the Professor's family in a cup of cocoa at Nan's special request.

Two days later Ross was on the road alone in Car 99 when the Professor's dark-green sedan shot past.

Instantly Ross scanned his siren. The Professor evidently did not care to disobey warnings from the State Police. He pulled up on a straight stretch of road. Ross came over. Nan, at the wheel, was smiling.

"Hello!" she said. "I thought these cars could go," Ross observed. "You must have been doing sixty. Didn't you see the stop sign half a mile back?"

"My daughter is very much to blame," reproved the Professor.

"Cross my heart, I'll never do it again," Nan asserted.

"Well, I ought to give you a ticket—" Ross hesitated.

Listening to Nan's exclamation of "You're a peach," Ross hoped fervently that no one in authority, Sergeant Barrel in particular, would appear, when Nan, about to engage the gears, touched a button on the dashboard. A click drew Ross's attention to the rear fender. Sure enough, the license plate had flipped over, providing the Professor's car with an entirely new number.

"The sedan is the property of my nephew, who belongs to the Boston City Police," the Professor interposed. "Look, it has more buttons than your tunic," Nan added. Ross opened the door, meaning to inspect the dashboard, when a loaded automatic fell at his feet. "Mind if I do that?" Ross said grimly, prying a button at random. A volume of smoke poured from the exhaust. Ross produced a pocket knife. "Dark green over grey," he observed, scratching the door's surface paint. "I thought as much;

CAR 99 — Continued

now I come to think of it, Professor, I noticed a paint spray in your garage."

Ross was too excited at having the dark green, alias the grey, sedan, proceeding at a modest twenty at his behest to appreciate that, where gangsters are concerned, crinolines are no match for streamlines. It was a hundred to one against Pete Arnet's bet at his job on a Saturday afternoon in the fly-fishing season.

When Ross, following the man of science, alias John Viken, the brains of the notorious "Green Gang," wanted all over Michigan, and his daughter into the untidy little office, shouting: "Pete, here. I say, Pete," answer came there none. Instead, Nan's injured inquiry: "Surely you couldn't arrest my father and me?"

"Couldn't I?" Ross returned. "Sit down and wait till—"

A bang on the head from something hard, being in point of fact the telephone transmitter, terminated the sentence. When Ross came to, he found he had lost something besides the temporary use of his senses. The following morning, Sergeant Barrel, occupying a judicial seat in his office, had Trooper Martin on the line.

"You're for the trial board, Martin—letting a pair of hoodlums do the low-down on you. Now, turn in your badge. The trial board doesn't meet for a couple of weeks."

Being a philosopher, Ross accepted the first job which came to hand, that of garage mechanic, by which he was kept too busy to mope. It was surprising how often Mary managed to leave her switchboard in charge of an elderly man and drive her fiver past the door at which Ross was working.

"You know, Mary, I like this job," he told her.

"Good enough," till the board meets and puts you back.

"They can meet till all the blue. I shan't be there to argue. What's the use when Barrel's against me?"

"I thought you'd more spirit. Fancy giving up a job you like because of a bully. What'd you think those crooks are doing!"

"Leave that to the police."

Mary inclined her neck so that her dark head came tantalizingly near Ross's nose-too-close face. "You know, I did like you in that badge," she confessed. The fiver gasped, peeped, and continued its journey. Half a word more from his occupant and Ross's back would have been up. As it was, he started reflections which led him to that hated section of the Michigan State Police headquarters—Barrel's office. Barrel, hanging on to the phone, was speaking with just that added tension signifying to Ross that a big job was afoot. At the words "Crow River, Michigan State Police calling," Ross became all ears.

Look here, Crow River, can't you get a move on? The Green Gang's put over a first-class robbery at the bank at East River. Get me Divisional Inspector, can't you?"

Exchanging transmitter for dictograph, Barrel continued: "Bank job. Everybody out again. Inside half a minute a corporal and six men paraded in the office. "Bank robbery, East River," the Sergeant announced. "Hoodlums heading south. Out with your cars—quick. Not you, Martin."

"My girl wants me to get back on

from page 20

my job," Ross pleaded, realizing that he was up against a brick wall. He was interrupted by a call on the house phone and had perfect time to listen to Barrel's answers, which luckily were fairly illuminating. "Yes, of course, Captain. My cars have been out a good half-hour; but how are you going to talk to them?"

"A nice mess," Barrel vociferated on hanging up. "Professor and those blasted 'ross' of his have been at our radio-room, smashed the broadcasting set, and gagged Jim Burton. How the deuce is the Captain going to get over orders? The cars'll be banging round like flies with nowhere to go."

"I've got it," Ross transmitted a lightning. "Massachusetts State Police are on our frequency. They can put out calls for us."

Barrel's eyes glared as he grasped the phone. "Listen, Captain: I've an idea. Ask Massachusetts to broadcast your orders. Sure, their frequency is the same. Thanks for the compliment, Captain. Using my head's got me where I am today. Lucky I thought of the salt. Ross wisely preferred to ignore the smart. It was quite bad enough to be kicking his heels listening to Massachusetts putting over calls. "Calling for Michigan. Calling for Michigan. Bank robbery at Elk River. Car 38 to Walton. Car 190 to Bridge K. Road all bridges on Highway 191. Gangsters are in blue coup, travelling south and east." Inside ten minutes came a second message: "Massachusetts broadcasting for Michigan. Gangsters have abandoned blue coup after killing officer in Car 190. They are heading east in Car in large dark green sedan."

"I know that car," Ross breathed. "That's a fat lot of use. Look here. Mind the phone a minute."

"Listen, Serg. You might let me—"

"No!" Hardly had Barrel emphasized the hated negative by banging the door when the telephone rang. The agitated voice of Mary's elderly aunt came over. "Crow River calling. Bandits have captured Mary. Yes, I was out of the room but just a minute. The Professor and his daughter came in to talk. I don't know what it was, but they must have kidnapped Mary. Jake saw her being dragged into a sedan."

Ross had hardly time to replace the receiver when the loud-speaker took up orders: "All officers and cars on this bank job. Important. Shoot first to kill."

"I will," Ross said to himself. Barrel's gun, in its holster, was banging on the wall peg. Ross stood it into his pocket, threw open the door and, seeing the sergeant's brand-new motor-cycle, as a veritable gift from heaven, resting against the fence, mounted, pulled levers, and found himself doing sixty on the highway. He proposed heading towards Fife, the local locality in which the grey sedan had been sighted; but, according to further radio reports, the gangsters seemed to be getting away. Ross leaned over the handlebars, leaning to the loud-speaker, afraid in the burning and noise of his engine to miss the precious words. An apparently meaningless reference to a 'plane being sighted landing in French

Charley's field, adjacent to the Barbe-Que, he dismissed as of no importance. The one following challenged a sick feeling of despair which threatened to overcome him. "Attention, Michigan! Bandits' car has got away; the hunt's off." Thoughts of Mary kept Ross from collapse. But where was he to go? Which of all the roads, in Michigan or out of it, was he to take? He was about to switch off the loud-speaker and try to think when his name was spoken. "Trooper Martin. Calling Trooper Martin. A personal message. Your girl wants you to bring her an apple-pie from French Charley's. There'll be a mob there on account of a party, she says; so you're to hurry, or you may be too late."

Apple pie, French Charley, Emergency landing field. Of course, a plane might have been chartered by the Professor to ensure his speedy get-away. The only man who had been with Ross to French Charley's was Jim Burton, and Jim had been knocked out in the radio-room. Yes, but Jim, recovered, would want to be up and doing. Maybe, Jim knew facts he wanted Ross to hear; but he was afraid to tell them straight, knowing the Professor's car also had a radio. By the time Ross was within two miles of the Barbe-Que, this seemed the only explanation. One more proof that he wasn't being fooled was needed, and that proof was forthcoming. On the lower of two roads, of which Ross had taken the higher, he saw, half a mile ahead, the unmistakable dark-green sedan. With wide-open throttle he put Barrel's cycle through her paces and, by bumping down little more than a track, reached the lower road within a few hundred yards of his quarry. Instantly a cloud from the sedan's exhaust enveloped him, but this time he kept blindly on, refusing to be fogged until, emerging from the acrid cloud, he found himself alone. Flung the roaring cycle from under him, he leapt to the running-board. "Put 'em up and pull over!" he ordered. The Professor and his daughter obeyed, while Mary, who was sitting angled between them, yanked on the abandoned wheel and pulled up in time to avoid a crash. "Pile out of here," Ross ordered. "Drop your guns!" The Professor, Nan, and his two sons obeyed. Ross took a decision. Perfidious as what to do next, he way to an inner whoopee on the part of Ross as a covered lorry, bearing the words in large white letters, "Jack's Transport," drove in and Jim Martin dropped nimbly from the driving seat.

"Hi, Ross? What about a taxi-ride?" he shouted. "My bike bust a tyre just as I was coming to look for you to see if you got the hang of that radio message; so I took this cutie over. The owner's still looking for it, I guess."

If anything could have rounded off the day's triumph, it was the means by which Ross Martin's feud with Sergeant Barrel was formally declared at once in spite of the latter's ruffled temper due to his arrival, under Captain's orders, at French Charley's on a pedal cycle, the only mechanical form of transit left at headquarters.

Five minutes after the Professor, urbane to the last and trying out his gallantry on Mary's elderly aunt, had been put behind the bars at Crow River, Mary approached Ross with shining eyes and something shimmering in her hand. "Sergeant Barrel handed me this and told me I was to pin it on for you. How'd you like it, Trooper Ross Martin?"

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On the Screens Now

by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***THE SLUMP IS OVER

***ANNE OF GREEN

GABLES

***THE WINNING TICKET

***CONCEALMENT

***CAR 99

*THE LOVE TEST

*THE MARINES ARE

COMING

*STRAIGHT FROM THE

HEART

*FUGITIVE LADY

What the asterisks mean—*** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. A film suitable for children.

Anne Shirley shows distinctive personality as the orphan heroine in "Anne of Green Gables," and should go far.

HERE is a French picture released this week, *The Slump is Over*, which affords a very fair indication of the quality of production we are getting from the Continent. Unfortunately they usually travel no farther than to specialised halls, where only a small proportion of picturegoers are able to see them.

I have hopes that, one day, features of this high quality of kinematic art and entertainment will get far wider showings. If you agree with me that they form a very important factor not only in the development of the screen but in adding variety to cinema fare, you can help by asking for them at your local theatre and supporting them when they are shown in your neighbourhood.

Actually the virtual disappearance of Continental production is one of the more unfortunate legacies of the talkies.

***THE SLUMP IS OVER

R. L. French. "U" certificate. Background musical comedy. Runs 77 minutes.

ANNE SHIRLEY.....Margaret
DANIELLE DARIEX.....Nicole
SILVANE COMTE.....Lila
BENNY BARRY.....Lila
JACK LESTER.....Madeline Rose
JACK WHITE.....Bernadette
JEANNE LOREY.....Madame Bernadette
Directed by Robert Siodmak. Released October 8, 1935.

A delightfully novel and intriguing back stage musical in which action and melody have been perfectly blended in an appeal to ear and eye alike.

The story deals with Nicole, a young girl who is underestimating the star of a touring revue, who gets a chance to appear. At the last moment, however, the star turns up, and Nicole, thoroughly provoked, cracks the show. Her fellow artistes sympathise with her, and they resign in a body.

Under the leadership of Diana, an old trouper and the musical director, they go to Paris. The story then shows how they gain shelter at an old, dimmed theatre, and after all sorts of adventures in collecting their props and fighting a piano shop proprietor who had designs on Nicole, put on a show and score a tremendous success.

Danielle Dariex is extremely fascinating as Nicole. Natural, sincere and provocative yet always maintaining a pose of sheer sincerity.

Albert Préjean is excellent as the hero. To me he is another Chevalier with all that artist's charm plus a natural unaffectedness and sincerity.

Camera work is thoroughly imaginative and artistic. The big number is put over very ingeniously and generally the picture is a very worth while example of what one may call the Rene Clair school.

By the way, those of you who do not speak French need not be afraid you will not understand the action. It is made perfectly clear by subtitles and pictorial expressiveness.

***ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

Dubois American. "U" certificate. Anne Shirley
Anne Shirley.....Anne Shirley
Tim Hutton.....Gilbert Blythe
O. P. Heggie.....Matthew Cuthbert
Helen Westley.....Marilla Cuthbert
Lila Hutton.....Mrs. Barry
Murray Russell.....Mr. Phillips
CAREY GRAYSON.....Dr. Tupper
GRETCHEN BENDIS.....Miss
Helen Vernon.....Mrs. Blythe
JOHN PASTOR.....Mrs. Blythe's Daughter
Directed by Kenneth Macgowan. Released February 2, 1935.

Quiet sentimental comedy, introduced by a new star, has been achieved by this positive and quite charming adaptation of L. M. Montgomery's famous novel.

While not quite in the same class as *Little Women* the picture is much of the same quality and appeal and admirers of the former will undoubtedly find very good entertainment in it.

The story, somewhat obvious in its sentiments is invested with inter-

est and tenderness by the skillful direction of Kenneth Macgowan and by the distinctive personality of Anne Shirley who while not pretty has ability and looks as if she will go far.

She plays the role of a little orphan who is adopted by a bachelor, Cuthbert, and his spinster sister, and who has a boy and girl romance with Gilbert Blythe a neighbour and is instrumental in healing a grudge borne against Blythe by the Cuthberts.

It is not, however, so much the plot as the charming simplicity of the detail work and characterisation that appeals.

Marilla Cuthbert is brilliantly played by Helen Westley and O. P. Heggie is extremely good as the sentimental Matthew who is completely won over by the little orphan. The rural atmosphere is exceedingly good and the technical quality of the picture are excellent generally.

***THE WINNING TICKET

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate. Domestic comedy drama. Runs 68 minutes.
LUC CARRILLO.....Joe Tompkins
LOUISE FAZENDA.....Sara
TOM HEALY.....Mike
JERRY LEEVER.....Merr
JACK ELLISON.....Harry
JOHN ALBERT.....Tony
POWELL PRATT.....Mrs. Brown
BETTY JANE GIBSON.....Sister
HILLY WATSON.....Jory
JERRY LEEVER.....Lefly Condon
ALAN TAYLOR.....Sergeant
BENNETT FRYTHURTON.....Nicky
Directed by Charles F. Reisner.



Luc Carrillo and Louise Fazenda as the Italian barber and his Irish wife who win a lottery in the amusing domestic comedy "The Winning Ticket."



Barbara Stanwyck does not have an opportunity to prove what a great actress the really is in "Concealment."

How the winning of a lottery affects the fortunes of a barber and his family is the topical theme of this quite amusing domestic comedy-drama.

It gains point by the fact that the lucky winner loses the ticket and keeping the fact concealed proceeds to draw on his bank on the strength of his luck and eventually brings trouble on his daughter and the banker's son, the very people he really wants to help, and ends as good as dead with his never-to-well brother-in-law.

A happy ending is provided by the discovery of the missing ticket in a roadside where the baby of the family had hidden it.

Luc Carrillo puts over a good character study as the Italian barber and is well supported by Louise Fazenda as his volatile Irish wife.

Tom Healy is extremely amusing as his brother-in-law. The reactions of the family to the prospect of wealth and to the fear later of not getting it are well expressed, and have a full quota of human touches.

***CONCEALMENT

Warner American. "A" certificate. Political intrigue drama. Runs 68 minutes.

BARBARA STANWYCK.....Beth Wilson
WARREN WILLIAM.....Robert Stedman
GORDON FARRAR.....Hank
GRACE MITCHELL.....Willa Martin
ARTHUR BRYSON.....Governor Vincent
HENRY O'SHEA.....Jim Hendon
PETERSON DONOVAN.....Clare Hendon
ARTHUR AVALERBERG.....Luc Nigoli
WILLIAM DAVENPORT.....Jop. McManis
Directed by William C. Cullen.

Quite an ingenious story which while basically concerned with political intrigue and graft introduced a tubistic element, trial scenes and a murder.

It is a workmanlike production, holding in its way and strong in acting values. The plot is unfolded with sound continuity and there is plenty of action and not a few thrills.

Warren William is quietly effective as an attorney general who is secretly married and gets involved in political scandal while Barbara Stanwyck has, for her, the now somewhat monotonous role of the woman who has to keep her romance quiet—she is, however, married this time. I am still hoping that this great actress is going to get a real break one of these days.

Arthur Hyatt is dignified as the governor, father of Barbara, while Grant Mitchell is excellent as the secretary to a big financier who is the "nigger in the wood-pile."

Sound supporting sketches come from such accomplished actresses as

Gleason, Farrell, Douglas Dumbrille and Henry O'Neill.

Settings are well varied and the film has a strong surprise element which whets the edge of the entertainment.

*CAR 99

Paramount, American. "A" certificate. Police melodrama. Run 87 minutes.

FRED MACMURRAY.....Roy Martin
JACK STANLEY.....Robert Anthony
ANN SHERIDAN.....Mary Adams
WILLIAM FRANKLYN.....Joseph Belmont
IRMA JONES.....Trooper Martin
MARION SHERIDAN.....Nan
FRANK CAVANA.....Sheriff Pete Arnes
JOHN LEE.....Hector Carter
DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.....Hector Blakey
ALBERT DUNCAN.....General Jackson
MACK GRAY.....Doc
HOWARD HENDERSON.....Doc

Directed by Charles Brabin. For story freely based on the film by Marjorie Williams, see page 31.

Here are action and thrills in abundance. It is all fairly obvious and straightforward, but the director has evidently banked on excitement and he has certainly succeeded in supplying it.

During the development of the plot the picture succeeds in presenting an interesting sidelight on the up to the minute scientific methods of the American police and the criminals' counter measures.

There is an atmosphere of authenticity about the police atmosphere which helps considerably in keeping one interested and the chases and gunplay are handled with the maximum effort.

Apart from the main issue there are humorous and romantic incidents logically incorporated into the general scheme.

Fred MacMurray not only acts well but also shows considerable athletic prowess as an enthusiastic police recruit who makes good, while Ann Sheridan is both charming and intelligent as the heroine.

Six Gay Standing in the unusual role for him of an astute gangster is cleverly disguising and the cast generally give sound support.

*THE LOVE TEST

Fox, British. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Run 83 minutes.

JOHN GUNN.....Mary
LOUIS MAYHARD.....John
DAVE HENDERSON.....George
GORDON WITTENBERG.....Male
MORRIS HANCOCK.....The President
ALBERT DEAN.....Vice President
JACK HANLEY.....Managing Director
GORDON DAVIS.....Chief Clerk
JIM TUCKER.....Mr. Jones
BERNARD HENRY.....Alfred
BRUCE GARDNER.....Night Watchman
JAMES CAVANA.....Buller Max

Directed by Michael Powell from an original story by Jack Clayton.

Although true in theory there is a sufficiency of technical skill and competent acting to make this romantic comedy, set in industrial surroundings, quite fairly entertaining.

It deals with one Thompson, chief laboratory assistant to a chemical firm, who is π of being beaten in the race for promotion by Mary, a studious girl, and plans with his colleagues to wreck her chances of promotion, by distracting her mind with thoughtless love. John, another employee, is selected to act the role of Romeo, but the scheme misfires when he falls in love with Mary and she with him.

Mary is promoted, and the firm is threatened, not to be outdone, first creates misunderstanding between Mary and John, and then goes so far as to steal a valuable formula invented by John. He is, however, found out in time, and happiness at last comes the way of the young lovers.

Judy Gunn is good as Mary and Louis Maynard shows distinct promise as John.

Sound support comes from Morris Harvey, Aubrey Dexter and Gilbert Davis.

*THE MARINES ARE COMING

A. R. F. D. American. "U" certificate. Marine comedy-drama. Run 78 minutes.
GORDON HARRIS.....Captain Benson
BETTYE HASTON.....Dorothy
WILLIAM HAYNES.....Bill Traylor
ABIGAIL.....Annie
EDGAR BEEBEY.....Dick Melton
BLAKE HAMILTON.....Col. Galley
GEORGE NAGEL.....Sergeant O'Farrell
MORRIS VANDERBILT.....Capt. Manning
GORDON WOOD.....Laird
CHAS. HENDERSON.....Admiral

Directed by David Howard from an original story by John Rankin and Robert Clark.

While conventional in plot there is an element of spiritual action and comedy in this story of love and rivalry in the American Marines.

Old situations gain a freshness by their spontaneous treatment and the military atmosphere is generally well conveyed.

William Haynes puts plenty of bravado into the role of Lieutenant Bill Traylor who is the rival in love to the hand of Dorothy the admiral's daughter with Captain Benson, a stern disciplinarian.

Conrad Nagel affords a good foil in the latter role while Esther Hudson makes a graceful Dorothy.

Arnold gives a spirited rendering as a dancer, a former flame of Bill whom he is unable to shake off.

*STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART

Universal, American. "A" certificate. Social drama. Run 81 minutes.

MARY ASTOR.....Martha Hamilton
RIGGS PRYOR.....Andy Hamilton
BARRY JOHN.....Maggie Hamilton
CAROL MITCHELL.....Annie
GARY CORMAN.....Mr. Hamilton
ANN DUNN.....Edwards
RICHARD MCWARR.....Don Hogan
HILDA LOVINE.....Miss Celia
HILDA VANDERBILT.....Miss Nellie
WILLIAM HENDERSON.....District Attorney
DEANSEL POWERS....."Sandy" Spelman
RICHARD LARSEN.....Gert

Directed by Sam R. Kessel.

Small child interest capably covered by Baby Jane in the main attraction of this story dealing with American politics.

She is very natural and serves out popular sentiment in a way which will appeal to most viewers.

As a starting girl who through the influence of a young politician gets a job in a children's clinic and eventually finds romance, Mary Astor is attractive and displays a good sense of characterization while Riggs Pryor is adequate as the somewhat unsympathetic politician.

Sound support comes from such old established players as Grant Mitchell, Andy Devine and Robert McWade.

*FUGITIVE LADY

Columbia, American. "A" certificate. Crime melodrama. Run 87 minutes.

NEIL HAMILTON.....Donald Brooks
FLORIANCE RICE.....Ann Pearson
DONALD COOK.....Jack Hamilton
ANNA BLANCHETT.....Alice Margaret
NELLIE WALKER.....Mrs. Brooks
ELLIAN DUNBARRE.....Steve Rogers
WALTER BRADLEY.....Rudy Davis
ROBERT WOOD.....Joe Nelson
LITA STROUT.....Mrs. Clifford
KATE GORDON.....Mrs. Clifford

Directed by Albert Sargent from the story and screen play by Robert Sargent and Fred Nibbs.

Straightforward melodrama dealing with a business girl who gets mixed up with crooks but finds a staunch protector in a wealthy young man.

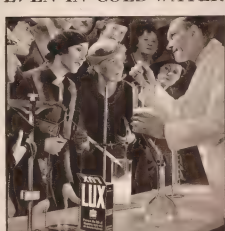
The machine-made affair but competently acted and directed with good heart interest and a punch.

There is a train wreck sequence on which the plot revolves which is very well staged.

Neil Hamilton makes an acceptable hero and Florence Rice quite a personable and intelligent heroine.

As the chief crook Donald Cook is sound.

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The Lux way has always been the safest for washing lovely garments. Now, with this marvellous new ingredient added, Lux is even further ahead of ordinary soaps, powders and flakes.

Yet the BIG pocket still costs only 6d.—smaller sizes 4d. and 2d. Try this new Lux for yourself!



ON THE BRITISH
SETS

by E. G. COUSINS

Old coaching station built outside the British and Dominion studios for "Pag of Old Drury." Anna Neale, who stars as Peg Worthington, is seen with Herbert Wilcox, the director.



great production companies in Queer Street than anything else there are still fat-headed British producers who would rather import a worn-out Hollywood star-name than take the trouble to get hold of a decent script.

Trick Cycling

The third is coming in its own. The fact that two highly imaginative films (*The Man Who Could Work Miracles* and *Things to Come*) are being produced simultaneously suggests that we shall have imagination on our screens as we had in the great days of the German studios.

Both these are being made at Worton Hall, Isleworth, and both are being produced by Alexander Korda. And this is one of my reasons for saying that the third miracle-worker is Alexander Korda.

He will undoubtedly start a cycle of trick pictures, and any man who can read the average British producer to return, even for a few weeks, to the first principles of cinema, is a miracle-worker indeed.

Thanking you one and all for your kind attention.

Had a nice ride. E. G. Marvellous, thanks. Now where was I?

Ah, yes, at Worton Hall. Well, three of the people who have been in the *Miracle* one are going straight into the cast of *Things to Come*, which, after months and months spent on the trick-work and model-work and what-not is now reaching the stage at which the human actors mean something; these are Ralph Richardson, Sophie Stewart and Edward Chapman. Already in the cast were Leslie Banks and Raymond Massey. That sounds to me like a pretty good crew.

Down Below

Things to Come opens with a children's party, for which, I am told, twelve beautiful children have been chosen, after fifty had been tested.

Now, I wonder how they chose the plain children—for ordinary boys will have plain ones at the party. Do you suppose they were tested for plainness? That's the kind of problem that keeps me awake at nights.

The panic scenes in a tube-station during an aerial gas attack are to be filmed in an actual tube station between midnight and first-train time.

I was down in the tube at Waterloo in the same wee hours when Anthony Asquith was directing *Underground* in the silent days. It was sufficiently zany work even then, with no microphone to complicate matters.

Speaking of Asquith, "Puffin" is directing *Noize Nights*, another London Film Production, which has just started. In this he will have Harry Bair, the French actor who made a great bit in the same film in French, opposite Annabella, when it was called *Les Noites Merveilleuses*.

When he landed on the shores of Perfidious Albion (that's us), he hardly knew half-a-dozen notes of English, or so they tell me. But Leslie Banks undertook to rehearse him in the English of his part, and for the best part of a fortnight they worked very hard.

Bair certainly couldn't have a better teacher.

A Confirmed Angler

In this we shall see Penelope Dudley Ward, who put up a very good show at her first attempt—*Penelope in Europe's My Nerve*. This is her first role with London Films—and Asquith's first "directional assignment" under his new contract with the new company.

I haven't seen any effort of "Puffin's" for a long time, but I venture to hope he has got past

(Continued on page 38)

"TRICK" FILMS Come BACK

Two in Production at Isleworth—*Paric in the Underground*

—*French Star for London Films—Mozart Comes to Ealing—*

Betty Balfour Back.

HOW old are you? No, no, I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. It slipped out. Really, how mortified! Am I mortified, am I mortified?

What I meant was, have you ever seen (not when they were new, of course, but subsequently, as a museum piece) any of those very early flickers which were the joy of my young heart, in which people did such unexpected and enterprising things as diving backwards out of the water on to a bridge, suddenly changing into a porcupine or a pillar-box, or vanishing completely?

Even if you did, you are very likely at that detestably superior age which snorts "Camera-tricks!" and dismisses the whole thing as childish.

Okay! But listen, buddies and rosbuddies. To avoid having to change your minds, reserve your decision about this until after you have seen the London Film Production *The Man Who Could Work Miracles*.

Shattering

Actually there are three men who can (and do) work miracles in connection with this production, but you will see only one of them on the screen.

He is that very favourite actor Roland Young, who is playing the mild-mannered young assistant in a draper's shop, suddenly and shatteringly made aware of the fact that he has the power to work miracles.

What on earth, for example, would you or I do with such a discovery?

The nearest we are likely to get to it is to win the Irish Sweep, and we have seen that people who do that usually begin trying to work miracles immediately—and all the wrong miracles. Anyway, it's fun to speculate as to how we should use such a power, and it will be great fun to see what a prophet and seer like H. G. Wells thinks would happen in such a case.

Far more than most writers, he is qualified to tell us what the reactions of a draper's assistant would be, for he has been one himself, though, as far as I have been able to discover, the only miracle he ever worked was in snapping out of it.

Convincing

Young, then, will be seen working 'em on the screen. But what about the fellow behind it all—the chap who makes the miracles for him to work? In fact, Ned Mann.

In the early days to which I referred a minute ago, it was only a matter of stopping the camera, substituting a lamp-post for your man, and starting again from there. Nowadays that won't work. When you see a miracle on the screen, you've got to be made to think one of two things—either "That must be a real miracle!" or else "How in Gorbals did they do that?" If you know it's done, why then it's just another movie, as they say on that disillusioned Pacific Coast.

That's why this man Mann (from that same Coast) spends most of his waking hours working out new ways of performing miracles on the screen.

A Little Ride

I say, d'you mind if I just mount my hobby-horse for a moment and take a little canter round?

Not in the least, E. G. Have a good time. Thanks very much; I will. Now this is it. The future of film-production lies in the intelligent use of cinema; and the intelligent way to use the cinema is to make it do the things it can do best. Where does it score over the theatre? In three directions. It's cheap. It doesn't need to use professional actors with their stylized gestures and stilted speech. And it can do as it likes—work miracles if necessary.

The first of these has been exploited to the full. It is cheap, and the tendency is for it to get cheaper—not cost less for admission, but to give you ever more for the money.

The second problem has been appallingly neglected, and its neglect has done more to put the



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ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

the stage of experiment in weird, bizarre, distracting, and sometimes incomprehensible camera-angles, in which he used to indulge in and out of season.

Alfred Hitchcock has shewn in *Thirty-nine Steps* that he can do without them; and he used to be so keen on them as anyone.

This Moscow one is a Russian revolution story of spy intrigue and romance.

So much for *Idem*. Let's see, what else is going on, and where. . . Ah, yes I know. *Faking Green*.

Associated Talking Pictures themselves, who own the studios, are buzzing off to Vienna to shoot many of the exterior scenes of *Wages the Gods Love*, with the full co-operation of the Austrian Government.

Prodigious

This is one of those quasi-historical films (and will the printer kindly not put "quasi-historical," or they won't enter me a chair when I visit the set), being concerned with the life of Mozart.

What does the class know about this gentleman? Precious little. I'll bet, except that he rhymes (more or less) with *beaux arts*, and wrote music. Anything you don't know any time, just ask me, and I probably won't know either.

However, Wolfgang Amadeus Chrysestom Mozart, born at Salzburg in 1756, was composing at four and playing on the concert platform at six. During his life he was of all ages from nothing to thirty-five, which is convenient for the film-producer, who can pick an age to suit himself.

If he had lived to-day he would probably have written the most appalling rubbish for musical films, dwelt in the Dorchester and supped nightly at Quagline's. As it was he wrote heavenly music, suffered frightful financial worry all his life, and was buried in a pauper's grave.

Now, Mr. Basil Dean, go ahead and let's see your version.

An Old Favourite

The cast includes John Loder, Victoria Hopper, Stephen Haggard, and a comely lass named Liane Haid whom I used to see in Continental silent pictures, and, if I remember rightly, a few British ditto. She was really beautiful, and a fine actress. I have no reason to suppose that she is not still both of these.

At *Faking Green* in their absence are two independent companies renting studios space, Gaity Films and City Film Corporation.

The former is Stanley Lupino's new unit, making its first picture. Stan himself has opposite him the blonde and pretty Alison Marson, in a film called *About a Husband*. It was originally called *Honeycomb for Three*, and takes place on a liner.

Travelogue? No, Ruby dear, it isn't a travelogue. Not so's you'd notice.

The company had some injudicious publicity about society girls being included in a cabaret scene instead of professional actors. Personally, I don't believe it, because (a) Stanley knows extras can look much more like society girls than the latter themselves can, as a rule, and (b) he is not the fellow to grudge a few extras their guinea.

Free crowds are usually most expensive in the long run.

A Wandering Co.

The other company, City, is making its third picture, called *Sharps and Flats*. Its first, made at Crikewood, was *Barbaric Bill*, which was highly successful. The second has just been completed at Walton-on-Thames—originally *Bats in the Belfry*, but now re-christened *Joy Ride*; that one had Gene Gerrard, Zelta O'Neal, Cynthia Stock, Betty Davies, Gus McNaughton, Violet Vanbrugh, Amy Veness, and so on and so on and so on and so on and so on.

In the third, Betty Davies appears again, with Stanley Holloway, who will present his famous mythical character Sam Small for our delectation.

Incidentally, the wanderings of this company from studio to studio would almost make a travelogue in themselves.

And then there is *No Limit*, for which Florence Desmond and George Formby, jun., have gone off

to the Isle of Man. And finally A.T.P. are also about to make *Midasman Easy*, featuring Hughie Green.

Teaming

And at Walton-on-Thames? Why, at Walton-on-Thames we have a new team creeping slowly but surely into prominence.

Mickey Brantford is the boy, Glennis Lunzer the girl, and the film is called *Muscow*. Mickey plays the part of a taxi-driver named Al Haines, and falls in love with a hansom-cab driver's daughter. True lux up again the Force of Progress, and all that.

Keep your eye on these two, fellows. This is the third time they've teamed together, and successfully; and we need all the good teams we can get.

Mind you, I don't say anything about the picture itself; I haven't seen any of it in production, and the fact that it is being kept a secret suggests that it is not meant to be a super-film. But these two kids are interesting, anyway.

A Lyons Roll

At Twickenham? Nippy will be coming on to the sound-stage before very long, in the person of the one and only Betty Halket, the "Queen of Happiness" as she was being called not so many years ago.

The description still applies.



Tasher's new leading lady. Those of you who are hoping to find "something different" to wear during the Jubilee season will definitely take notice of the biscuit-coloured evening frock worn by Kathleen Kelly, who has a leading part in the new Richard Tauber musical film, "My Heart's Delight," now in production at the B.J.P. studios.

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Essence

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

BRITAIN'S COMEDY STARS

Brickbat for a Guinea-Winner

MOST interesting are the views expounded by Miss Farrington in the current issue of PICTUREGOER. I am with her in asking for some English glamour queens, but the latter part of her letter made me smile. "Our comedienne," she says, "are miles ahead of any other country's fun-makers." What a laugh!

Has your guinea prize-winner ever seen Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Zaza Pitts, Genevieve Tobin, Una Merkel, or Billie Burke? Does she mean to tell me that you can put such people as Cicely Courtneidge on the same footing as the above? I don't think my face is really of the "poker" type, but no woman on the English screen has ever made me chuckle.

Perhaps Miss Farrington will tell us how many comedians there are in England who are "miles ahead" of W. C. Fields, Edward Everett Horton, Charles Butterworth, and Roland Young.—Ernest Wither, 20 Centre Street, Cambridge Heath, E.2.



Joan Blondell

In Hong Kong we get a very poor percentage of British films, and this is deplorable, considering the island is British. Hollywood seems to dominate everywhere. The Chinese population fill the cinemas to capacity even when a British film is showing, and they enjoy it. We, on foreign service, want more British films to remind us of Old England.—Bernard Sweeney, Military Hospital, Hong Kong, who is awarded the second prize of 10/6.

The Real He-Men

We hear much of the he-man of real life and the screen. It would be much nearer the truth were he to be called the he-man as understood, as after all, wanting in will-power, and therefore must be considered as underdeveloped, and a poor thing really!

He would make an extremely bad ruler, statesman, priest, commander, or business manager, for being unable to control himself, how can he be expected to control others? In the "wide open spaces, man is man" you say. Is it not because of the fact that he can hit and run in these "wide open spaces," in other words, get away with it, that man is the realer fighter?

If everyone followed the example of these, what a shambles over a city would soon be reduced to! Finer even than the better he-men as understood, are those who in life and screen are famous for their courage in achievement, in overcoming the obstacles of language, poverty, scandal; who are not ashamed to acknowledge their religion or their country; the Ramsay MacDonalds, the Ramon Novarras, the Paul Robeson of this life. These are the men who do credit to the land that gave them birth.—A. C. Strong, 6 Adamsville Road, Sydenham, S.E.26, who is awarded the first prize of £1.1.0.

Suave that Announcer

In my opinion—and the opinion of a good many of my friends—it is a great pity that all our news-reels should be spoilt by what I can only describe as the "announcer" plague.

A few years ago, after the first introduction of the sound film, these news-reels were most interesting; now they are always disappointing, not to say irritating. Can you tell me why it should be necessary to muffle down or cut out the actual sounds of a scene or incident while a long-winded announcer spouts interminably on what we already know?

Scrap the commentators! Let our own eyes and ears suffice.—Clifford Randles, 3 Singleton Road, Kewall Road, Salford, Lancs.

Twopenny Censorship

Whilst we dwell upon the idiosyncrasies of America's film censorship, let us not overlook the ludicrous workings of our own system.

If the local powers-that-be ban a film in this city there inevitably follows a rush for trams to take one to the nearest village showing that forbidden film. It is not hard to see for transport concerns, as the villagers also travel to the city to see a film banned in their own area. If, as I believe, the official censor does his job properly, what earthly reason is there to assume that one town should turn in disgust from a film that another town enjoys?—E. Humphreys, 18 Broomham Street, Louth, Lincs.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films. Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1.10. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address: "Thinker," The "Picturegoer" Weekly, Long Acre, W.C.2.

The THINKER

The Easy Way to
Check Under-Arm
PERSPIRATION
for a week at a time



NEW TYPE OF
SELF-APPLICATOR.
REMOVE CAP AND
APPLY DIRECT TO
UNDER-ARM

A bath may keep you fresh and sweet for an hour or so. Strong smelling soaps, toilet waters or perfumes may cover up and hide body odour for a short time. But how would you like to find a way—a quick, easy way—to prevent body odour for two to seven days at a time...prevent it from even starting?

You can do it by using that crystal white, odourless new deodorant called Perstop. It comes in a new type of self applicator bottle, which has a patented sponge neck. No cotton to use—there's no rod applicator. You simply pass the bottle neck itself over the arm-pit and you have protection against perspiration and odour for as long as a week. The bottle cannot spill, nor can the liquid run down the side of your body because exactly the right amount for your arm-pit comes out.

Get Perstop to-day. You will find it easier and quicker to use—you will be amazed at the complete protection it gives for days.

Chemists, Toiletries and Hairdressers supply Perstop at 1/6 and 2/6. Merchandise & Service Centre, 3rd Fl., 14, Tavistock Gardens, London, W.C.2.



Perstop

What, No Kids?

SOME time ago there appeared in your columns several letters from readers expressing boredom at the performances of some of the child stars.

My pet aversion is Jackie Cooper, when I consider only a bad example to young film fans.

My Treasure Island was quite spoiled by his pouting lips and complaining voice.

Lane Carboy was a Western with a plot different to the average Horse Opera, and should have been a roaring success. At our local cinema, however, people began to look bored after twenty minutes and the film was a flop.

If screen children cannot produce some better effect than boredom on film patrons, for goodness sake keep them off the screen altogether.—G. D. Whitall, Nurrag Cottage, Winterborne Abbas, Dorset.

She Likes Us

When four years ago I first took a serious interest in films, I searched the market for a good film weekly. There were many to choose from, but the only satisfactory one was PICTUREGOER. Some weeklies had bad photographs, others contained articles full of incorrect statements. PICTUREGOER has good photographs, never prints anything but the truth, and gives excellent criticisms. I have always, without exception, found your criticisms correct.

I do sometimes read a complaint about the way a film has been criticised. I can only offer two explanations for this, either the fan has not read why the film has been awarded or has not been awarded so many stars, or else the film has been cut. I have known a perfectly good film to be so badly cut that it is completely ruined.—Betty Noble (Miss), Field House, Salford, near Louth, Lincs.

Keep Hong Kong British

I have just seen the British film King's Cap. It is the first aviation film I believe England has made, that is, wholly dealing with the air as its subject. The aerial scenes were realistic and the picture was altogether thrilling. British films must keep this up.



Which is which?

YOUR EYE CAN'T TELL — BUT YOUR PURSE CAN

Why pay one-third more for silk stockings? Today, even fashion experts can't tell the difference between stockings made from the new Courtaulds Rayon and silk stockings costing one-third more.

You can buy these new "luxury" rayon stockings in all fashionable shades. They wear much longer than silk. They flatter the legs.

COURTAULDS

"slim" the ankles and keep their expensive dull finish to the end. Look for the Courtaulds mark — and save money!

** You can buy pyjamas with what you save. For every three shillings you spend on stockings, you save one, when you buy stockings made from Courtaulds Rayon. Soon you're saved enough for pyjamas — and remember, all the more ladies carry the Courtaulds Tag.*



LOOK FOR THIS HOUSEMARK

Master O'kay the Saucy Boy says—
use **O.K.** every day
THE FRUITS REFRESH YOU — IN O.K. SAUCE

Another delicacy — MASON'S MUSTARD SAUCE

DRESS SMARTLY ON SMALL PAYMENTS
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OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH SMARTWEAR.
No trouble! No cash—no more! Free, see how it works!
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HINDES

Indesible Curls, waves, fringes, are all possible with these magical waves. Sold everywhere.

My Dentist Said
KOLYNOS
TOOTH PASTE
— OF COURSE !

"I must get an
AVA Soapless
SHAMPOO 4^{per cent}
before my holiday!

THE YOUTHFUL CHARM



Men TURN TO WATCH

Every girl can be attractive if she'll only give five minutes a day to looking after her skin. Thousands of women have found that beauty isn't matter, since Outdoor Girl cosmetics discovered how to incorporate a base of pure olive oil.

For Outdoor Girl Face Powder alone among all others brings you the secret base of olive oil to smooth your skin, to tone it and feed it, to give it once again the same texture of youth.

Try Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder to-day! You will be amazed at what a difference this fifty-dry, carefree powder makes to your attractiveness and charm.

Try Outdoor Girl Rouge and Lipstick, too, for the perfect harmony of make-up.

Outdoor Girl Beauty Products are amazingly inexpensive. A few women and only the wealthy could afford them, but now the identical quality is obtainable in bottles from 1s. 6d. to 9s., other sizes up to 21s. Buy a small size and be nervous! Unless you agree it is the best you have ever used, send it back and we will refund its cost, plus postage.

Write for the TRIPLE BEAUTY KEY.
For 4d. in stamps we will send complete trial Olive Oil Beauty kit containing generous supply of Outdoor Girl Face Powder and Outdoor Girl Rouge and send later Outdoor Girl Lipstick. Write to Crystal Products Co., Ltd., Dept. 229, 88, City Road, London, E.C.1.

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER

MEN CAN'T BE BLAMED FOR STARING!



Janet's complexion has become perfect in the last few days! Men always seem to flock round Janet now. Yet ten days ago she was crying because she couldn't find a partner for a dance!

Oatine Cream has changed her whole life — by giving her the irresistible charm of a clear and perfect skin. Nothing else can clear and cleanse the skin so swiftly and surely as Oatine Cream. Enlarged pores close again, spots and blemishes vanish before the soothing and cleansing comfort of

OATINE

Complexion Clearing

FACE CREAM

In 6d. tubes, 1/6 and 3/- sizes, and Oatine Creaming Tissue in new handy container at 1/6 from Boots, Taylors, Finsbury Wholes & others.

Free Samples of Oatine Cream, Oatine Powder, Face Powder and 3d. Soapless Shampoo will be sent on all orders 3d. in stamps to The OATINE CO., 100, Oatine Bldg., London, S.E.1.

DO IT!

Ats—Frankie Darro; Constance—Donald
Heiner; Fredie Pennington—Julius Molander;
Kolony—Wesley Gilman; Cante—Bessie
Anderson; Richter—Bette Linn; Cordy's
Father—Gladys Hinds; Wapman—Chris-
tiane Ray; Father—Ralph Morgan; Mother
—Lois Wilson; Sister—Lila Warden; Doctor
—Francis Boucher; Janice—Tom Dickson.

A. W. R.—Cast:
The Thirteenth Guest:
Marie Morgan—Ginger
Peggy; Wynne—Lyle
Talbot; Capt. Ross—
Farrell Macdonald;
David Mather—James
Eagles; Thor Jensen—
Eddie Phillips; Bertha
dele—Robert Helms;
Adams—Berrie Ander-
son; Dr. Watson—
Crawford Kent;
Marjorie—Frances
Bach; Mrs. Thom-
son—Edith Wales;
Mr. Thompson—Phillips
Sullivan;
Paul Hunt; Capt. Brown
—William Davidson.

Karen (London), D.
W.—(1) Jackie Cooper
b. Los Angeles, Sept.
15, 1923, fair hair and
blue eyes; lobby his
thing. Address: c/o
Mama-Goldwyn-Mayer
Studios, (2) Diver in
the Family, released Jan.
2, 1935.

M. F. F.—(1) Carole
Lombard, b. Oct. 6,
1909, Fort Wayne, Ind.
U.S.A. tall, brown, good
nose Peter, 5 ft. 6 in.,
fair hair, blue eyes,
muscular. William Pate
(near. Gk.). Address: c/o
Paramount, (2) Julie
Matthews b. March 11,
1917, London, 5 ft. 11 in.,
dark hair, and eyes
married (1) Harry
Lorenson, Jan. 1934, d. L.
(2) Sonnie Hale, Midling
Firm a Girl with
Sonnie Hale. Address
c/o Gramercy British
Studios, (3) Photo-
graphs of Mary Lennox,
Joan Garner and Mary Carlisle obtained
from the Picture Postcard Salon for 3d.
each.

R. B. (South Africa)—Oswald Stevens,
b. March 28, 1902, Los Angeles, 5 ft.
2 in., brown hair and eyes. Latest film
A Newborn Gentleman. Address c/o Uni-
versal Studios.

JANE BUSTER CROFT—(1) Jane Hunter, b.
Sept. 10, 1910, England; brown hair; Wes-
sington eyes; 5 ft. 5 in. Latest film, Double
of England. Address: c/o Universal Artists,
Film House, Warfield Street, W.1.
(2) Address: Mark Thomas c/o Twentieth
Century; Ray Francis and Joan Marx c/o
Warner Bros.; Anthony Bushel c/o Parrot-
ton; (3) Casts: Dr. Monica; Dr. Monica;
Vera Francis; Anna—Vernie Tansdale;
Mary—Joan Marx; John—Warren William;
Lorraine—Virginia Fane; Mr. Pennington—
Herbert Brenon; Mrs. Hoffman—Ann She-
makin; Barton—Paula Bond; Mrs. Monica
—Anna Dunn; Mrs. Chandler—Vir-
ginia Hammond; Dr. Deane—Joan Crawford;
Over the Garden Wall; Baines—Bobby
Hansen; Mary—Marion Marsh; Daphne—
Margaret Hutchinson; Gladys—Vada Lloyd;
Janet—Bertha Brainerd; Thelma—Fried
Watts; Tilda—Mary Sheridan; Paddy—Ged
Craven; Gladys—Dore—Joan Crawford;
Mike—Clark Gable; Mr. Ford—Otto
Kroger; John—William Evans; Amy
—Lila O'Connor; Miss. Field—Margaret
Lesteron. (4) No newspaper or story of Dr.
Monica.

TAMARA FAN (Burmah). (1) Tamara
Doris, b. Oct. 22, 1913, Chancery, Burma;
5 ft. 6 in.; brown hair; blue eyes; daughter
of Kente Doris, the Continental star of many
French pictures; includes: Falling for
You, Jack Alley, Jo-Pan in Babylon,
How's Chances? Forbidden Territory, Me-
Gloria, the Son of the 27th Gloria Street, b.
July 4, 1911, Santa Monica, California,
U.S.A. 5 ft. 4 in., wt. 115 lb.; fair hair
blue eyes; mar. (1) May Gordon Newell (Tru-
dia), (2) Arthur Sheekman, The 1934
Ellen includes: The Mid Dark House, An
Afternoon of an American, Longtime in
The Invisible Man, It's Great to Be Alive,
The Kid Returns the Mirror, Behind Roman
Shadows, I Like It That Way, I'm Tell the
World, The Little Captain, Here Come the
Nanny, Good Diggers of 1935, Girl n' the
Gals, Maybe It's Love. Add. Universal
Studios.



NOBODY takes her out a second time

MANY a charming girl cannot under-
stand why men are eager to take
her out once—but never twice.

The truth is that all her attractiveness and
charm are completely spoilt by Halitosis
(unpleasant breath) the most insidious
of complaints.

Yet Halitosis is so simply overcome,
so easily prevented. Just gargle twice a day
with Listerine Antiseptic and you will know
that your breath is always above suspicion.

A book and informative little booklet on this important
subject will be sent just free from the Listerine Pharmaceutical
Company, 16, Standard Road, Park Road, N.W.10.

LISTERINE Brand ANTISEPTIC

Of all chemists, 1/6, 3/- and 5/6 a bottle. MADE IN ENGLAND

Jeon Harlowe, b. Kansas City, Mar. 3, 1911,
real name Harlowe Carpenter; 5 ft. 2 1/2 in.,
platinum-blond hair, blue-green eyes, married
(1) Charles McGinn, (2) Paul Bern, (3) Hal
Rousse (Mar. dir.), Latest film "Backfire"
and "Gloria Scott." Address: c/o Metro-Gold-
wyn-Mayer Studios.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Readers interested in the Anna Lee Fan
Club are invited to write to the Secretary,
Robert F. Burgess, 33 Seventh Avenue,
Manor Park, London, E.12, for full
particulars. Booklets stamped-addressed
envelopes for reply.

Dorothy Hyson Club.—New Members
in Lancashire are wanted for this club.
Readers interested should write to Mr. Noel
Priggs, c/o International Club, 29 Belgrave
Road, Highbury, London. With all inquiries kindly
send a stamped addressed envelope.

The John Bolan Fan Club, whose aim
is to create universal friendship amongst
admirers of Mr. John Bolan in appreciation
of his work on the screen, welcomes new
members. Will all those wishing to join
please communicate with the Secretary, 15
Ryeford Road, Clapham Park, London,
S.W.12.

The only Official Dick Powell Movie
Fans' Club.—Write to Chas. Math,
Sturtevant, Elmhurst, for membership details,
details of contests. Dick Powell gives the
girls personal!

Ramon Novarro Service League,
recently formed a Birmingham branch.
Details from Miss F. Norcross, 10 Cranston
Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, 11.

The Henry Edwards British Film Club
held another of its jolly dinners, at Bush
House, Aldershot, on May 13, in celebration
of the Silver Jubilee. The tastefully
decorated building was crowded to excess,
the dinner was an enormous success, and
everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.
Many famous film stars were present
(including: Marie Bay, Leslie Perrins,
Fenish Washington, Harry Waldman,
Joyce Kilby, Cecil McLaglin, Chas.
Boucher and Harry Mitzner), and many other
celebrities including the M.C.'s and South
African Ten Years. Letters of thanks from
H.M. the King, and many famous people
were read during the evening, and everyone
was very grateful when the happy evening
came to a close. Particulars of this of 26
from 32 Anniversary Avenue, Stratham 5, S.W.
5, U.K.

British & Dominion Film Club, Inc.
New York has announced a Car Club
chapter of this club. Write to: b.c.
7 Gladstone Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada
for particulars.



The
girl
everyone
wants to
know

She has loveliness and charm . . .
her beauty is irresistibly captiv-
ating . . . but only she knows
how much her attractiveness
owes to her choice of "make-up."
You, too, can be the "girl
everyone wants to know" . . .
so simply and so inexpensively.
Write for a free copy of a
wonderful book of Beauty Hints
—"The Elfrida Aids to Beauty"
—specially written for you by
a well-known Beauty Specialist.
Follow her advice. Study your
personality and apply the Elfrida
Aids which create loveliness
and charm . . . with distinction.

You can obtain
Elfrida Beauty
Aids from your
chemist, hair-
dresser, or at
Woolworth's
everywhere.

Elfrida AIDS TO BEAUTY

Elfrida Perfumery Company (Dept. P.), Rawdon, Leeds

Her own fiancé sang another girl's praises until . . .



If you live in dirty, sooty-atmosphered towns and work in stuffy offices, how can you expect your complexion to look its best? It needs the gentle stimulant of pure country air. That's why it's so important to use Knight's Castile. Specially made for the face, its generous, creamy lather revives and refreshes the skin just as country breezes do. A tablet costs only fourpence and is a complete beauty treatment in itself. You owe it to yourself to give it a trial.



Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1872

K.C. 150-400

Leave IT to ANNE

SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

HOLIDAYS are very much in mind just now. We are thinking and planning, booking rooms or cabins, buying clothes and generally anticipating that wonderful fortnight or so when we are free from office and shop. For two blessed weeks we shall live at the rate of something like twice our normal income and know the pleasure of spending half a crown without first looking on two sides of it.

Rest of mind is just as important as refreshment of body. Start on your vacation firmly determined to forget the worries and troubles of home and office.

Begin Gently

To slow for the first few days. If you lead a sedentary life for most of the year, it is a great mistake to indulge in an orgy of violent exercise for a couple of weeks. It isn't reasonable to expect your muscles to stand a ten-mile walk, when during the past few months you have expected no more of them than a walk to the nearest bus stop.

Nor can you easily spend all day on the tennis court, when a couple of sets at the week-end has hitherto been your limit.

If you are planning to spend a strenuous holiday, begin preparing for it beforehand, particularly if it is a walking holiday. Take longer and longer walks, and get your feet in condition too. Unless they are 100 per cent fit they are likely to cause you trouble. A blistered heel takes a long time to mend.

The skin can be hardened by a brisk friction every day with eau de Cologne, followed by a dusting with talcum powder. Hard skin on the heels or balls of the toes may be rubbed down with a piece of toilet pumice stone and then treated each night with an ointment composed of equal parts of zinc ointment and bear's vasoline. Massage this well into the feet.

Knead the soles with the lightly-

drenched fat and work the toes in and out and to and fro with the fingers. This will make the feet more flexible.

Perspiring feet can make life very uncomfortable on a holiday. Bathing in warm water to which a tablespoonful of eau de Cologne has been added helps, and occasionally sponging with a diluted antiseptic liquid is good. This antiseptic should be allowed to dry on and then the feet dusted with foot powder.

Before a dance or at any time when wearing possum stockings likely to be spoiled by perspiration, massage the feet with equal parts of glycerine and rosewater. Allow it to dry on and then powder.

Skin Care

Unless your skin is pretty tough and hardened to all conditions, it is going to need a little protection from the effects of sun and sea. If the face is allowed to get badly sunburned, it never really recovers from the effects. There is a certain amount of coarsening that you are going to regret when you return to town again.

Freckles, too, can be prevented, or at least minimized by protection with a specially constituted cream or powder, or both.

After a long day in the open air, or after a day's motorizing, the complexion generally resents washing with soap and water. It is far better for the skin and very much more comfortable to cleanse the skin with a cleansing cream and toilet lotion. If you are right away in the country and without your favourite toilet cleanse the skin this way.

Soak a pad of cotton wool in cold water. Squeeze out, then sprinkle it with a lotion composed of one part extract of witch hazel and five parts rosewater. Spread on this some cleansing cream and with it thoroughly cleanse the face and neck. Use upward strokes of the pad. Change the surface of the pad as it becomes soiled.

If you want to avoid sunburn altogether, let me have a stamped addressed envelope and I will give you the recipe for a protective lotion. This lotion should be used both before and after exposure.



Jane Clyde with her Yardley Beauty Outfit.



BETTY LOU...
Your Beauty Star
says:

Beautiful
women CHOOSE

Betty Lou
FACE POWDER™

is every delightful shade—there is more—light
Roses, Pinkish Sables, Natural Peach, Apricot,
Tropic-Tan. Betty Lou Face Powder is used by
every smart woman and its beauty is reflected in
countless windows. Be sure you ask for Betty
Lou by name.

Betty Lou Powder Puffs are ideal for all
complexions.

Obtainable from ALL Sources of
F. W. Woolworth & Co., Ltd.



Lovely
NAILS
mean
AMAMI
NAIL VARNISH

One coat of Amami Nail Varnish will keep
your nails looking their loveliest for a whole
week. Four fashionable shades:
Colourless, Natural, Rose & Coral

For a luxury manicure use Amami
Varnish Remover and Amami Cuticle
Remover, each 6d. per bottle.

6d.

*is the
complexion
refreshed by*

DAGGETT and RAMSDEL'S
perfect skin tonic

The morning application of D & R Skin
Tonic is the first step in the famous Daggett &
Ramsdel Beauty Treatment; used in conjunction
with D & R Perfect Vanishing Cream as a
foundation for make-up, and D & R Perfect
Cold Cream for nightly massage, it forms the
ideal way to the desired complexion.

If you are contented with the creams and lotions
you already use, don't change. But if you want
that final touch of loveliness, change to D & R
—and you won't change again.

D & R Perfect Beauty Creams, in tubes, 6d.
and 1/-, and in jars, 1/3 and 1/6. Skin Tonic
1/- and 2/6.

TIRED OF BEING PITIED.

A Woman's Despair.

"I really got sick and tired of people telling me
how ill I looked." So stated Mrs. J. Taylor, of
5 Gifford House, St. Wigons, to a newspaper
reporter. "I not only looked ill, I felt ill," she
continued. "I was almost too weak to walk up-
stairs and suffered terribly from breathlessness and
palpitation."

"I was so pale and waxy looking that nobody
needed telling I was anemic. Life was a misery
to me, and I despaired of ever getting better. Then
one day my husband brought home a box of Dr.
Williams' pink pills, and I started taking them. I
soon felt brighter and more energetic; my appetite
picked up, the colour returned to my cheeks and
I continued to improve until now I feel splendid."

The results obtained from these pills may seem
wonderful, but there is a scientific reason behind it.
In simple language it is this: Dr. Williams' pink
pills actually create new, rich blood, and this new
blood coursing through the veins revitalises all the
tissues of the body.

If you suffer from anæmia, nervous debility, rheu-
matism, indigestion, or any ailment due to poor blood,
start taking Dr. Williams' pink pills and see what a
wonderful difference they will make—don't ask for Dr.
Williams' is. 8d. a box (triple size 2s.). If these pills
fail to do you good the proprietors will refund your
money.

FREE.—Every woman and girl should read the
helpful booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all
who write to M.F. Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London,
W.1.

NAIL BITING
NEW NAILS
NEXT WEEK

Five booklet sent under plain
envelopes explain how you can easily,
secretly and permanently cure yourself
of the objectionable, health-endangering
habit. Be clear, no anti-suggestion. New
Guarantee. Send 1d. stamp for postage.
FLETCHER LTD. (Dept. F.N.), 25, The Broadway,
Croydon, Kent, London, S.E.



How to wash brownish
BLOND HAIR
2 to 4 shades lighter—
safety, without bleaching!

Brings back that natural blond
colour to even the most faded hair

Blondine—its amazing how a natural blond attains every eye,
but when blond hair turns monotonous, brownish, why take
chances with dye, injurious bleaches and ordinary shampoos
which might cause your hair to fade and darken even more.
You can now wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter with
Sta-Blond, that glorious shampoo treatment, used by millions
of light and dark blonds all over the world who know that it
permanently blonds hair from getting that dull looking brown
shade and keeps it light, silky and fantastically beautiful,
without the use of heat, ammonia, dyes, rinses, peroxide
or injurious bleaches. Makes any kind of permanent wave
last longer. Chromatic emulsifier. Try it today yourself,
or at your hairdresser, and if you don't think it is the
finest thing you have ever known, just ask for your money
back. Known abroad as Hairblond and Blondine. Sold in all
Ladies' Stores, Hair Dressers, London, N.W.20.

STA-BLOND
THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO



**SHE WAS 40—
BUT SHE GOT THE JOB**

Many a younger
woman envies her that
sudden, RADIANTLY YOUTHFUL
skin. Many a man openly admires it. She
herself insists on staying YOUNG—knows
what it means to career and happiness—
knows how it's done!

In 30 minutes Boncolla Classic Pack (Beautified)
is guaranteed to smooth out tired lines, banish
blackheads and blemishes, youthify facial
contour, brace muscles, stimulate natural colour
and loveliness.

Boncolla
elasmic pack
BEAUTIFIER

Endorsed by Beauty Parlours, Hairdressers and Stylists as
Beauty. In tubes 1/6 and jar 2/-, at all Retail Counters.
Boncolla Laboratories, Ltd., 211-213, Northfleet Road, S.E.13

**DRINK HOT WATER
TO KEEP SLIM**

Some time ago, Miss Gracie Fields announced that,
"in the interest of health and a trim, slender figure" she
had signed a pledge to drink hot water every morning.

Everyone who wants to keep slim should follow this example,
for in the simplicity of ones regularly it is directly due to the
taking of the system to expel food waste and poisons. If you
want a slim figure you must keep nature's filtering and eliminat-
ing mechanism functioning properly. Hot water is not always
sufficient to ensure such clearance, you need to add to
your regular morning glass of hot water a compound of
"Limonade" Boncolla Phosphate. Made from all chemicals at 2/-
a jar. "Limonade" Phosphate flushes your liver and kidneys,
keeps them thoroughly healthy and active, and so prevents the
accumulation of the waste matter which causes gain, surplus fat.

JUST 10 MINUTES—



*— so Mine's
a Minor!*

IN THE UNIQUE VEST POCKET PACKET

15 FOR 6^D

De Reszke

PLAIN, CORK OR

'IVORY'-TIPPED

MINORS

Issued By Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

The true De Reszke leaf—but no need to waste half because 'time's up.' These D.R. Minors last ten minutes—just long enough — and have won thousands over to the cult of the blissful brief-time smoke.

5 FOR 2D. 10 FOR 4D. 20 FOR 8D. 30 FOR 1/- 60 FOR 2/- PLAT TINS

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